

# The Musical World.

THE WORTH OF ART APPEARS MOST EMINENT IN MUSIC, SINCE IT REQUIRES NO MATERIAL, NO SUBJECT-MATTER, WHOSE EFFORT MUST BE DEDUCTED: IT IS WHOLLY FORM AND POWER, AND IT RAISES AND ENNOBLES WHATEVER IT EXPRESSES."—Goethe.

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[Registered for Transmission Abroad.]

VOL. 45—No. 28.

SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1867.

PRICE { 4d. Unstamped.  
5d. Stamped.

## ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), JULY 13TH (for the second time), with new scenery, costumes, and appointments, Gounod's last new Opera,

"ROMEO E GIULIETTA."

(Founded on Shakespeare's play, "Romeo and Juliet.")

Giulietta, Mdlle. Adelina Patti; Gaius, Mdlle. Anese; Stefano, Mdlle. Nau; Capuleto, M. Petit; Tebaldo, Signor Neri-Baraldi; Paris, Signor Marino; Gregori, Signor Tagliacchi; Il Duca, Signor Capponi; Fra Lorenzo, Signor Bagaglio; Mercutio, Signor Cotogni; Benvolio, Signor Rossi; and Romeo, Signor Mario.

By Command.

On MONDAY NEXT, July 15th, by command of Her Majesty, a State Performance will be given in honour of His Majesty the Sultan. On this occasion will be performed Auber's Opera, "MASANIELLO." Visitors can wear either Court costume, uniform, or evening dress. Complimentary admissions of every kind are suspended on this occasion. Doors open at a quarter before eight.

On TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY NEXT, July 16th, 18th, and 20th, "ROMEO E GIULIETTA."

On FRIDAY NEXT, July 19th, "LA FAVORITA."

## HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Mdlle. Titiens and Mdlle. Christine Nilsson.

"Il Don Giovanni."

Mr. MAPLESON believes that the performances of "Il Don Giovanni" will be remarkable as among the most complete ever given at the Royal Opera House. They will include a number of great artists seldom, if ever, assembled in one performance.

THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), JULY 13TH, will be repeated, with new and elaborate scenery, new costumes and appointments, Mozart's *chef d'œuvre*,

"IL DON GIOVANNI."

The characters will be sustained by Mdlle. Titiens, Mdlle. Christine Nilsson, Mdlle. Sinico, Signor Gassier, Mr. Santley, Herr Rokitsky, Signor Bossi, and Signor Gardoni.

The following eminent artists will also appear:—Madame Trebelli-Bettini, Madame Demerio-Lablache, Mdlle. Bauermeister, Mdlle. Corsi, and Madame Giacconi; Signor Mongini, Mr. Hohler, Signor Tasso, Signor Bettini, Signor Pandolfini, Signor Foll, Signor Agretti, Mr. Lyall.

CONDUCTOR - - - - - Signor ARDITI.

The new scenery by Mr. Telbin, assisted by Mr. William Telbin.

## ARRANGEMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

NOTICE.—There will be FOUR PERFORMANCES next week, on the undermentioned evenings, viz.: MONDAY, July 15th; WEDNESDAY, July 17th (which will be a Subscription Night); THURSDAY, July 18th; and SATURDAY, July 20th.

"Faust."—Mdlle. Christine Nilsson.—Extra Night.

On MONDAY NEXT, July 15th, will be performed (for the last time), "FAUST." Faust, Signor Gardoni; Mephistopheles, Signor Pandolfini; Valentin, Mr. Santley; Wagner, Signor Bossi; Siebel, Mdlle. Trebelli-Bettini; Martha, Mdlle. Bauermeister; and Margherita, Mdlle. Christine Nilsson. Conductor, Signor Arditi.

On TUESDAY NEXT, July 16th, there will be no performance.

WEDNESDAY NEXT, July 17th, will be a SUBSCRIPTION NIGHT.

TITIENS and CHRISTINE NILSSON.—Mdlle. TITIENS and Mdlle. CHRISTINE NILSSON will APPEAR together THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), in Mozart's *chef d'œuvre*, "IL DON GIOVANNI." This Opera is presented on a scale of great completeness, with new and elaborate scenery, new costumes and appointments.—HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

MR. SIMS REEVES' SECOND NATIONAL BALLAD CONCERT, EXETER HALL, Monday, July 15th, at Eight o'clock. Vocalists—Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Anna Jewell, Madame Patey-Whytock, and Miss Poole; Mr. W. H. Cummings, Mr. Patey, Mr. Winn, and Mr. Sims Reeves. Pianoforte—Mr. Lindsay Sloper. Harp—Mr. John Thomas. Conductors—Mr. Benedict, Mr. Lindsay Sloper, and Mr. Edward Land. Tickets, 5s., 3s., 2s., and 1s. L. Cook & Co., 63, New Bond Street, W.; and 6, Exeter Hall.

## ROYAL ASSEMBLY ROOMS, MARGATE.—The Band

of this fashionable Establishment will perform nightly during the week—

"LE FLEUR DU PRINTEMPS WALTZ" ... .. ADELINA PATTI;

AND

"THE LIGHT DIVISION POLKA" ... .. WELLINGTON GUERNSEY.

## ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

INSTITUTED 1822.

Incorporated by Royal Charter, 1830.

PRINCIPAL ..... PROFESSOR STERNDAL BENNETT.  
VICE-PRINCIPAL ..... MR. OTTO GOLDSCHMIDT.

THE ANNUAL PUBLIC CONCERT of this Institution will take place at the HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS, on Wednesday, July 24th, commencing at Two o'clock P.M.

There will be a complete Orchestra and Chorus, formed by the Professors, together with the late and present Students.

The Programme will include Handel's "Ode to St. Cecilia's Day," with Mozart's additional Accompaniments.

CONDUCTOR—MR. OTTO GOLDSCHMIDT.

Single Tickets, 7s.

Family Tickets to admit Four Persons, 21 1s.

To be had at the principal Music Warehouses; at the Hanover Square Rooms; and at the Institution, 4, Tenterden Street, Hanover Square.

## CRYSTAL PALACE.—THE MOST VARIED WEEK SINCE THE OPENING.

MONDAY.—Popular Play of Dramatic College Revels. One Shilling only. Every kind of Amusement, supported by the leading Theatrical Celebrities.

TUESDAY.—By Royal Command.—Visit of His Imperial Majesty the Sultan and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, and other Royal and Imperial personages.

FESTIVAL CONCERT.

GREAT FOUNTAINS.

EVENING CONCERT.

GRAND ILLUMINATION OF FOUNTAINS AND FIREWORKS.

Five Shilling Admission Tickets, if bought on or before Monday. Half-a-Guinea on Tuesday.

WEDNESDAY.—Popular Reception of the Belgian Volunteers.—Afternoon and Evening Fete, and Illumination of Fountains. One Shilling only.

THURSDAY.—Grand Archery Meeting.—Great Entry of Archers. One Shilling FRIDAY only.

SATURDAY.—OPERA CONCERT.—The Last of the Series. Half-a-Crown Tickets beforehand. Five Shillings on the day.

Guinea Season Tickets free, except on Tuesday, when admissible with Half-a-Crown Ticket, bought on or before Monday, July 15th.

"The Guinea Season Ticket should be had by everyone."—*Vide Press*.

## THE MDLLES. EMILIE and CONSTANCE GEORGI

have the honour to announce, under Royal and most Distinguished Patronage, a MATINEE MUSICALE, to be given (by kind permission, at 16, CAVENDISH SQUARE, W.) on Monday, July 15th, the proceeds of which are for a deserving charity. Full particulars will be duly announced. Tickets, Half-a-Guinea each; to be obtained of Mr. Nimmo, 55, Wigmore Street; and at Sams', Royal Library, St. James's Street, S.W.

## TO THE BENEVOLENT.

MR. BUSCH, a German Professor of the Pianoforte, who has been in this country for fifty years, and in his day was a popular Teacher, is now, when eighty years old, stricken, not only by the infirmities of age, but by pecuniary misfortunes beyond his power to avert. His Friends and old Pupils are desirous to assist in getting up a Subscription to relieve him in his necessity, and will be glad of the Aid of the Benevolent; for which purpose Donations will be thankfully received by Messrs. CHAPPELL & Co., Bond Street.

## SPIERS AND POND'S HALL-BY-THA-SEA.

"THE LOVER AND THE BIRD," GUGLIELMO'S admired Ballad, sung with great success by Mdlle. MELLIS, on Thursday last, will be sung (by desire) by Mdlle. LIEBHART (for whom it was expressly composed) TO-NIGHT.

MISS ROSE HERSEE will sing her new song, "A DAY TOO LATE," at Margate, July 20th.

MISS ROSE HERSEE will sing BENEDICT's popular Variations on "THE CARNIVAL OF VENICE," at Boulogne-sur-Mer, July 15th; and at Margate, July 15th.

MISS ROSE HERSEE, will sing July 15th, at the Orphéonistes Concert, Boulogne-sur-Mer; and from July 16th to August 5th, at the Hall-by-the-Sea, Margate. Letters respecting subsequent dates to be addressed to 8, Westbourne Square, Hyde Park.

**MISS KATE GORDON** will play **ASCHER'S "L'AMOUR DU PASSE,"** at Scarborough, on July 23rd; and **"ALICE,"** at Harrogate, July 24th.

**MDLLE. LIEBHART** will sing her new song, **"THE MERRY MAID"** (composed expressly for her by **GIULIELMO**), in which she has been most successful at the Hall-by-the-Sea, Margate, at the forthcoming Belgian Fête, Agricultural Hall.

**MDLLE. LIEBHART** will sing **EISOLDT'S** new and successful song, **"THE LITTLE MESSENGER,"** THIS EVENING, and every evening during the week, at the Hall-by-the-Sea, Margate.

**MDLLE. RITA FAVANTI** will sing at the Grand Concert of the Tower Hamlets Volunteers, St. George's Hall, July 23rd. All communications relative to engagements to be addressed to her residence, 28, Abingdon Villas, Kensington.

Under the Patronage of His Highness Prince Teck.

#### GRAND CONCERT OF THE TOWER HAMLETS VOLUNTEERS.

**MR. ALFRED HEMMING** will sing at St. George's Hall, on the 23rd of July, the popular Romance, **"ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?"** and **WELLINGTON GUERNSEY'S** new Serenade (first time), **"WAKE, LINDA, WAKE."**

**MR. WILFORD MORGAN** will sing his immensely popular song, **"MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY"**—July 15th, Richmond; in August, at Eastbourne; and at all his Engagements during the Season.

"Mr. Wilford Morgan gave 'My Sweetheart when a Boy' so exquisitely that he was recalled."—*Morning Advertiser*.

"Mr. Wilford Morgan (of whose very successful debut at a Philharmonic Concert we lately had occasion to speak) sang a pretty song, composed by himself, 'My Sweetheart when a Boy,' displaying vocal qualities which probably come nearer to Mr. Sims Reeves than any other English tenor of the day."—*Globe*.

"Mr. Wilford Morgan was encored in his own song, 'My Sweetheart when a Boy.'"—*Morning Star*.

**MR. CHARLES HALL** (Musical Director of the Royal Princess's Theatre) continues to impart instruction to Professional Pupils in the Art of Singing for the Stage.—Residence, 199, Euston Road, N.W.

**MR. KING HALL**, Solo Pianist and Accompanist (late of the Royal Academy of Music), receives Pupils at his residence, 199, Euston Road, N.W., where applications respecting Concerts, Soirées, etc., are respectfully requested to be addressed.

**MAESTRO CATALINI** and **SIGNORA LEALE** have returned to London from Naples for the Season. For Concerts or Singing Lessons, address **CRAMER & Co.**, 201, Regent Street.

**HERR LOUIS ENGEL** has REMOVED from GROSVENOR STREET to 62, MOUNT STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, three doors from Park Lane, where letters or engagements for the Harmonium may be addressed.

Fourth Edition, One Shilling.

**SIGHT-SINGING**, by **J. C. WALKER**: a very simple method, according to the Established Notation.

London: **NOVELLO, EWER, & Co.**

**C. OBERTHUR'S** New Harp Solo: **"PARTANT POUR LA SYRIE,"** 3s. To be had at **LOXDALE'S**, Old Bond Street; **SCHOTT & Co's**, and **DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co's**, Regent Street.

#### NEW SONGS BY SIGNOR GIUSEPPE CAMPANELLA.

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LONELINESS ... ..	3 0
LO IMPROVISATORE DEL VILLAGGIO ... ..	3 0
L'ORTOLANELLA ... ..	3 0
LA SPINAZOLESE ... ..	3 0
L'ITALIA ... ..	3 0

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#### THE ART OF SINGING:

A COURSE OF STUDY AND PRACTICE FOR

#### THE VOICE,

By **T. A. WALLWORTH.**

A *Cirellian* method, upon which has been formed the voice of his pupil, **MISS LUCY FRANKLEIN**, and those of other successful pupils.

Full Music size, 7s.

London: **HAMMOND & Co.** (late **JELLIEN**), 5, Vigo Street; and of the Author, at his residence, 86, Wimpole Street, W.

Just Published,

**MARITA.** A Ballad. By the New Composer, **ROSALINE.** Sung by **Miss S. Pyne**, and **Miss Lucy Egerton** (of the Bayswater Academy of Music). Price 3s.

London: **DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co.**, 244, Regent Street, W.

#### NOTICE.

**"LISCHEN AND FRITZCHEN,"** by **Offenbach.**  
**CAUTION.**

**MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVIDSON & CO.**, having purchased the Copyright for England of **M. Offenbach's "LISCHEN AND FRITZCHEN"** ("Conversation Alsacienne"), Publishers are cautioned not to import or publish any portion of that work, but are requested to send their orders only to **MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co.**  
London, 244, Regent Street, June, 1867.

#### "HAIL BELGIUM!" ("La Brabaconne.")

Sung for the first time at the Agricultural Hall, in honour of  
THE VISIT OF THE BELGIAN VOLUNTEERS.  
The Music Harmonized by **FREDERICK KINGSBURY**  
The English Words by **WELLINGTON GUERNSEY.**

Price 3s.

London: **DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co.**, 244, Regent Street, W.

#### "A VOLUNTEER GREETING."

Sung for the First Time at the  
AGRICULTURAL HALL,  
IN HONOUR OF

THE VISIT OF THE BELGIAN VOLUNTEERS.

The Words by **H. B. FARNIE.**

The Music by **JULES BENEDICT.**

Price 3s.

London: **DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co.**, 244, Regent Street.

Separate Vocal Parts, 6d. each.

In the Press,

#### "THE LITTLE MESSENGER," SONG.

The Words by **J. LAY.**

Sung with distinguished success by **MDLLE. LIEBHART.**

The Music by **HERMANN EISOLDT.**

Price 3s.

London: **DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co.**, 244, Regent Street, W.

#### BACH'S FUGUE, "ALLA TARANTELLA,"

Played with distinguished success by

**MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD;**

ALSO BY

**MR. CHARLES HALLE,**

At his RECITALS OF PIANOFORTE MUSIC.

Price 5s.

London: **DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co.**, 244, Regent Street, W.

#### MR. BENEDICT'S NEW SONG.

Just Published,

#### "THE PARTING." ("La Partenza.")

WITH ENGLISH AND ITALIAN WORDS.

Composed by **JULES BENEDICT.**

Price 3s.

London: **DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co.**, 244, Regent Street, W.

SUNG BY **MISS BANKS.**

#### "I'M NOT IN LOVE, REMEMBER," SONG.

Words by **JESSICA RANKIN.**

Music by **M. W. BALFE.**

Price 3s.

London: **DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co.**, 244, Regent Street, W.

Balfé's song was given with charming effect by **Miss Banks**, at **Canterbury**, last week, and by the same admired vocalist at **Dr. Austen Pencer's Concert**, last Tuesday.

Just Published

#### "FAIRY FOOTSTEPS," CAPRICE FOR THE PIANOFORTE.

By **FREDERICK BOWEN JEWSON.**

Price 4s.

London: **DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co.**, 244, Regent Street, W.

A MANUAL FOR COMPOSERS,  
MUSICAL DIRECTORS, LEADERS OF ORCHESTRAS, & BANDMASTERS.

By F. J. FETIS,

Chapel Master of His Majesty the King of the Belgians, Director of the Conservatory  
Knight of the Legion of Honour, &c. Translated from the original

By WELLINGTON GUERNSEY.

(Continued from p. 421).

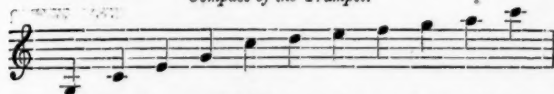
CHAPTER XI.

Of the Trumpet.

151. The trumpet, originally a military instrument, has found a home in music where its piercing sounds produce effects which no other instrument can supply.

The trumpet was long considered as the completion of the acute of the horn family, but it was an error. The trumpet forms part of a distinct family, from the nature of its tones and the principles of its construction.

Compass of the Trumpet.

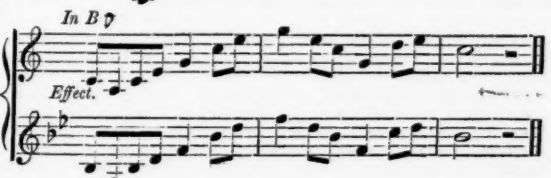
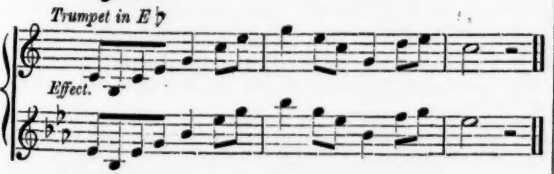
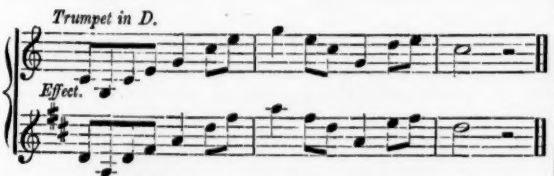
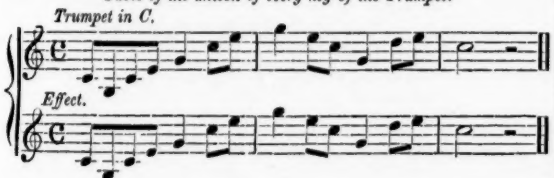


The two last notes are difficult to produce, and are seldom employed, particularly in the upper tones.

B  $\flat$  and F  $\sharp$  are difficult notes, which a limited number of distinguished artists may bring out, but they should not be habitually employed.

152. The music for the trumpet is written, the same as for the cornet, according to its natural diapason, in unison with the G clef, in the key of C. The instrument rises afterwards progressively in the keys of D, of E  $\flat$ , of E, and of F. The keys of A  $\flat$  and of A do not exist in the instrument in perfection, inasmuch as they are too acute in the higher notes, or too low, below the key of C. For the key of A  $\flat$ , the trumpet part is written in E  $\flat$ . As regards the keys of B and of B  $\flat$  they are below the key of C.

Table of the unison of every key of the Trumpet.



153. In instrumenting or scoring for a full orchestra, two trumpet parts are usually written, first and second. In military bands and orchestras there are sometimes four trumpets in different keys.

154. Most composers only use the trumpet in *forte* passages, and combine them with the horns, either for doubling them in the octaves, or to accompany them by the different harmonious combinations. Various effects might, however, be produced from trumpets in separating them from the horns, and in employing them in instrumentation, as the only brass instruments; for their sonority differs essentially from that of the horns.

155. The want of a chromatic scale was long felt to be wanting for trumpets, as for the horns; latterly it has been obtained by the same means, for there are at present valve trumpets as well as valve horns and valve cornets. The employment of these valves is on the same principle for each. The first lowers a note half a tone, the second a whole tone, and the two conjointly a tone and a half. By the means of their agency the following chromatic scale is obtained:—



156. The G  $\sharp$  or A  $\flat$  is wanting in the two octaves of this scale—these notes cannot be obtained without a third valve. Trumpets are also made with a slide on the principle of the trombone.

157. The existence of the valve trumpet would be the same as the cornet, if its distinction was changed in bringing nearer the trumpet than the horn. This observation demonstrates the necessity of employing a conical mouth-piece for the cornet instead of one against which the air comes in contact by either right or sharp angles.

(To be continued.)

MADAME PALMIERI has been engaged as *prima donna d'Obbligo* for the Stagione di Fiera, Udine.



## THAYER'S LIFE OF BEETHOVEN.\*

(Translated for *Deight's Journal of Music* (Boston) from the *Leipzig Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung*).

In the composition of a book about a great artist or his life—if by accurate study of sources and thoughtful criticism of results the book undertakes to be conclusive in some definite direction—there are various things to be considered. In the first place the relative importance of the artist himself; then the circumstances under which he came into the world and which had an influence on his development; then the question, what has been already communicated respecting him, and whether these previous communications have any claim to real scientific worth and credibility, or whether they contain much that is false, whereby a distorted light has been shed over him. According to circumstances, therefore, the description of an artist's life may be made short and concise, or long and entering into a thousand details.

In regard to Beethoven the case stands thus: In the first place we have here to do with an artist of the very first rank, who, on the one hand, at the very sight of his person, offers the psychologist the most difficult problems and gives him a host of at least seeming contradictions to solve; while, on the other hand, by his rich relations to the outer world, by his connections and intercourse with persons in high position he presents a mass of interesting matter which does not come into the account with other artists. In the second place there are already current about him a multitude of shorter and longer communications, which, taken together, are unsatisfactory. Yet it must be admitted that the notices of Wegeler and Ries, little as they aimed at completeness, and much as the anecdotal character prevails in them, especially in the second part, gave, of all that had yet appeared, the most reliable information and the best picture of Beethoven. Seyfried's meagre communications are scarcely worth mentioning; but even Schindler's Biography is only in so far trustworthy as it concerns the Beethoven whom Schindler had personally known, and with whom he had had intercourse. Moreover it is distinguished by a truly bewildering want of order in the laying out and presentation of the subject. Lenz has given himself much pains with regard to the chronology of the works; but he lived too far away from the places where reliable information could be got on many points, and he made his books unenjoyable through the bombast of his fantastical mania for exposition. Marx ensnared himself in philosophical æsthetic phrases, and the Ariadne's thread, that should have helped him out of his self-made labyrinth, slipped thereby through his hands. At the same time he neglected all careful study of sources, even where they lay right before his nose, and so heaped up a mass of errors and imperfect statements in regard to facts, which could only beget new confusion. Finally Nohl—to name him also—had actually availed himself of certain sources, passing others by, and bridged over all the holes and chasms of his material with pictures of his fancy, with questionable hypotheses, unmeaning phrases, and odd speculations. And here we must not pass by the fact in silence, that he has taken many of his communications from an earlier English essay of our Thayer (*Atlantic Monthly*, 1858), which he knew from a French translation. Of the deluge of pamphlets we of course say nothing.

When now a man like A. W. Thayer, born in a foreign quarter of the globe, belonging to an entirely different calling than to that of art, undertakes, with a thousand sacrifices in time, labour, and money, after long years of indefatigable researches, in which no source of information anywhere to be found remains unused, to clear up all the chaos, to put aside all that is false or uncertain, or at least honestly designate it as such, and so present us with a "Life" of Beethoven, showing us the person of the master in an unfalsified light, neither flattered nor perverted, such an undertaking must, as we believe, be met by the lively gratitude of the artistic world. And with this gratitude will be coupled joyful greeting on the part of musical criticism, all the more heartily when it perceives what a warm reverence for the master, and what a simple, unsophisticated striving after truth has guided the author's pen in every line. When, furthermore, the book appears and through the mouth of the (German) translator, in full understanding of course with the author, declares beforehand, that it merely wishes to present the materials, in as pure a state as possible, for the future expounder of Beethoven's artistic labours, then may we not require that criticism speak with the tone of trust and high esteem of such a thankworthy effort?

The biographer of Beethoven cannot help it, that the master, who lived and died in Vienna, passed his childhood and youth far away from there in the Electoral capital of Bonn; that it is just this youthful period over which lay the greatest want of clearness; that all the books hitherto have furnished only unsatisfactory or false accounts of it.

\* *Ludwig van Beethoven's Leben*, von Alexander Wheelock Thayer. Nach dem Original Manuscript deutsch bearbeitet (von Dr. H. Deiters). First Volume. Berlin: F. Schneider.

Hence what we should blame in a biography of any other master, these exceedingly minute and copious details of time and place, this reaching so far back into times when the artist's grandfather first began an humble career as musician; this documentary presentation of many circumstances related even though remotely to the main matter—all this in the present case we may consider justified, nay, entitled to our thanks, because just here the circumstances are different from what they are in a hundred other cases.

The volume before us contains first of all two prefaces in the form of letters: The Author to the Translator, and the Translator to the Author, neither of which is to be overlooked, since they show the mutual relation of the two, as well as their common stand-point towards the given material. From them we learn that the (German) translator, who lives in Bonn, has in many points completed and enriched the author's labour by additions of his own. It also appears from the latter part of his letter, that he is still more decidedly than the author of the opinion, that the biography of an artist is not finished with a correct description of his life alone, be it ever so thorough and reliable. We have here the recognition of a principle which we have always represented, and which all the more naturally had to be represented by the translator, since he has himself taken part in art criticism, a thing entirely foreign to the author. The book before us is only the first volume. How many volumes the whole work will form we are not told; and probably for peculiar reasons the number could not be absolutely fixed, although the author, to all appearances, has his material fully collected.

The contents of this first volume are divided into three books, of which the first is headed: "Music and Musicians in Bonn from 1689 to 1784." It contains six chapters:—(1), the Electorate of Cologne; Joseph Clement. (2), Clement Augustus and his Capelle; Ludwig von Beethoven (the grandfather). (3), Maximilian Frederic and his court musicians. (4), Continuation of the accounts of music and musicians under Max Frederic. (5), Max Frederic's National Theatre. (6), Musical personalities of Bonn; the city in the year 1770.—This first book fills 80 pages, a space which will not be found excessive, if we consider that we have here to do, not with secondary matters, superfine distinctions about Westphalians and Rhinelanders (*à la Nohl*), or politico-social expositions, but with music, with that musical institution and those persons to whom Beethoven was to owe his first impulses, his first instruction and furtherance. It certainly is not a matter of indifference to know how that Art institute arose, and what its character, at which Beethoven afterwards, playing the viola in its orchestra, was to get familiar with the most important operas of that time; to form a nearer acquaintance with the musicians who helped to build it up, with the princes whose taste determined the spirit in which it was conducted, not to speak of that more general sort of culture which was prepared and furthered through the national theatre and, therefore, through the condition of poetry in Bonn. It certainly seems to us too, that a far clearer picture of those times and circumstances is given by the printing of old documents, than by description and narration. With the second book, which occupies 147 pages, and is superscribed: "Beethoven in Bonn, 1770 to 1792," our master himself enters into the narrative. It contains 13 chapters:—(1), The Beethoven Family. (2), Beethoven's Childhood. (3), Instruction under Neefe; the Boy's Talent made a source of income. (4), Elector Max Francis. (5), Max Francis and Music; the Court Capelle in the year 1784. (6), Further Destinies of Beethoven; his Visit to Vienna. (7), The Breuning Family; Count Waldstein; Domestic Affairs. (8), The National Theatre under Max Francis. (9), Repertoire of the Electoral National Theatre. (10), Musical Events and Anecdotes. (11), Supplementary about Persons and Society; Departure from Bonn. (12), What did Beethoven compose in Bonn? (13), The Theatre and Music in Bonn again.—The curtain falls. Of the third book, which is to contain Beethoven's first Vienna period (1792 to 1800), this volume gives us (in 48 pages) the first three chapters:—(1), Beethoven in Vienna; Studies with Haydn and Albrechtsberger. (2), Music in Vienna in the year 1793. (3), Beethoven's appearance as Virtuoso and Composer. An Appendix (of 83 pages) then gives a number of documents, which found no room in the text, and a couple of *excursions* by the translator.

For this whole period the author had at his command, besides the most careful use of the earlier, often very remote literature, a series of new and hitherto unused sources, which we will here specify. In the first line stand the Provincial Archives in Düsseldorf, which possess most of the acts and documents of the Electorate of Cologne, especially those which relate to music; these were for the first time fully explored and turned to account, first by Thayer, and afterwards by Deiters, for this volume. To these are joined a series of periodical writings of those days, among which we may name the *Bonner Anzeigen* and *Intelligenzblätter* of the last century, the *Vienna Zeitung*, *Court Calendar*, text-books, &c.; also the old church books of Bonn are employed for the purpose of fixing dates when required. Beethoven's own notes have

furnished the author already in this volume with various interesting material; especially worth mention is the little *Day-book* about the journey to Vienna and the first days there. Besides all this, the author has not shrunk from the often onerous trouble of personal inquiry, through which he has got at some exceedingly important communications concerning the remote Bonn period. Finally, with the new sources must be reckoned the notes, published in the Appendix by Deiters, of an old Herr Fischer, who died recently in Bonn, in whose house the Beethoven family resided a long time; from these, with careful use, we get on the whole a faithful and extremely life-like picture of the Beethovens' parental house, which heretofore was wanting.

One sees already by this enumeration, that the author has not shrunk from the most remote and unfrequented paths in order to get track of the truth. To be sure, one who simply wants to read for entertainment will find himself deterred by such a heaping-up of documents; but one who cares to get a clear and truthful picture of the case will find real satisfaction in documents thus speaking for themselves.

#### RUBINSTEIN, PIANIST AND COMPOSER.

(From the "Sunday Times.")

The spread of a man's reputation is regulated by laws strangely at variance with those of nature in analogous cases. The intensity of light, heat, and sound is inversely as the square of the distance from its source. Strongest at the centre of radiation, it rapidly diminishes to zero at the extreme circumference. In the case of human renown the circumstances are very different. When once a man has achieved for himself what is called fame, it will generally be found that the estimation in which he is held increases in proportion to the distance from the sphere of his operations. Close at hand he may be looked upon as an object of admiration merely; far away people will make a hero of him, and vaguely wonder at the greatness looming in the horizon. There is a two-fold cause for this. In the first place, "stories lose nothing by travelling." The more remote a personal knowledge of the circumstances the more imagination comes into play. The loudest peal of thunder is but an expansion of the faint crackling noise that closely follows the lightning flash. So it is with story-telling, and therefore the prodigious tale which reaches us at twentieth hand must be reduced, if we want the actual fact, to a twentieth part of its dimensions. Again, the phenomenon of which we speak is partly due to the principle underlying the dictum that "no man is a hero to his valet." The truth of that principle is everywhere recognized. Kings and queens find it necessary to educe themselves round with etiquette that their subjects may stand aloof, and be kept thus from making unpleasant discoveries. What kings and queens do in this matter humbler people imitate for similar reasons. Very few of us can afford to be known, and still fewer who are familiar to others by reputation gain by giving them the advantage of a personal acquaintance.

It is a hazardous thing, therefore, for a man whose fame has extended into distant countries, to follow it in person. As a general rule, he had better let well alone, because when people see the original they may incontinently proceed to smash the "counterfeit presentment" which had all along been worshipped. It is not pleasant to be deceived, still less to be self-deceived. Humanity sets a high value upon the admiration it has to bestow, and resents its extortion upon false pretences; but when humanity discovers that it has imposed upon itself that resentment is certainly not lessened by the consequent mortification. The application of all this is to Anton Rubinstein, the pianist and composer, whose advent among us is one of the chief musical events of the present season.

Most people knew of his coming through the medium of those wonderfully curt and jerky advertisements which appear from time to time signed "J. Ella, director," and emanate from "18, Hanover Square." We pay the tribute of our highest admiration to those advertisements, because, in the first place, they are read as admirable specimens of elliptic literature; and next, because of the impression they make upon the mind. Perusing them one seems to see the entire musical world of England compressed into Hanover Square, with faces directed towards "No. 18" and begging earnestly for some scrap of information about the next *matinée* of the Musical Union. "Solos—Auer and Piatiti" sententiously observes the "director," and the entire musical world of England feels better, but, like Oliver Twist asks for more; "Accompanist, Ganz," says Mr. Ella, and then the crowd rush to buy tickets, their unerring instinct enabling them to arrive at the meaning of the final announcement: "No free admissions admitted." But, even before these advertisements declared the coming of Rubinstein, sagacious observers might have foretold its probability. Mr. Ella, confident in the goodness of his deeds, loves light rather than darkness. Therefore, the stages of his annual progress through the cities of the Continent are duly chronicled in the public journals, and, by this means, we learnt last year his presence at Pesth. With Rubinstein in Russia, and the director of the Musical Union in the neighbouring kingdom of Hungary, there could be but one result (the law of attrac-

tion of gravitation being unrepealed), and the absorption of the smaller body into the larger, was a foregone conclusion. But, banter apart, we are thankful to Mr. Ella for the opportunity of hearing a famous musician, and of estimating the merits from which his fame has sprung.

It is hardly necessary to say that the present is not M. Rubinstein's first appearance in England. But his previous visit is sufficiently long ago, in this age when events are so crowded together, to remove from the minds of all but a very few the impression he then made. During the last few years this gentleman has been known to the vast mass of music-loving people in England only by the reports which have come from across the water. These have led to a vague, dimly-defined notion of greatness, which naturally made him an object of interest, and accounts for whatever "lionizing" he has received at the hands of a novelty-loving society. Judging from M. Rubinstein's performance at the concert of the Philharmonic Society on Monday last we are sorry on his account that fate brought him within the attractive influence of Mr. Ella. Both as pianist and composer he has dissipated the impression made upon us by common report; offering a valuable contribution to truth, no doubt, but at considerable cost to his English reputation. In the former capacity we must admit that he combines many of the elements of popularity. M. Rubinstein belongs to the demonstrative order of pianoforte players, who eke out their appeals to the ear with appeals to the eye. He has the "high action" and labouring manner which are so often looked upon as evidences of a masterly dash of style, and of absorption in the work. He has, also, a mechanical dexterity, well adapted to excite astonishment, if ill-prepared to bear a close inspection. But, on the other hand, the tone of M. Rubinstein is poor and thin; while, so far as the concerto he played on Monday allowed us to judge, his performance is deficient both in expressiveness and intellectual power. We have in England a dozen pianists quite his equal in point of execution, and more than one or two who are his superiors in everything else.

But what shall we say of the "Concerto No. 4, Op. 70," which M. Rubinstein selected from among his own compositions for presentation to the Philharmonic audience? In the first place, we may express a hope that, with singular wilfulness, he picked out the worst thing he has hitherto written. It is expedient so to hope, because if this work be among his best, we shudder at the bare prospect of being called upon to hear more of Rubinstein. However this may be, it is certain that anything more wild, gloomy, rhapsodical, or unmeaning, passes us to conceive. We shall be told, perhaps, by the admirers of the modern German school, that if we knew what the composer intended to illustrate, the whole thing would be intelligible. Possibly, but we don't know, and neither M. Rubinstein nor his music does anything in the way of informing us. That the concerto is not "pure" music must be plain enough. "Pere" music tells its own story, but this of M. Rubinstein has no story to tell, and can only jabber like an Irvingite speaking in an "unknown tongue," having, moreover, an equal need for an interpreting key. We are driven to conclude, therefore, that the concerto illustrates some series of transcendental ideas the character of which we are left to guess. It is really time that a stand were made against such productions. No matter by whom written, whether Wagner, Liszt, or the gentleman who is now among us, they are simply the offspring of an incompetence which seeks to hide poverty of ideas under pretensions rhapsodies, and by making the waters of its very shallow stream muddy, to induce the wondering exclamation, "Oh! the depth!" We need not dwell upon the details of M. Rubinstein's work. It will be sufficient to say that each of its three movements is marked by a pervading gloom which often breaks out into passion; that there is hardly a phrase of real melody in it; and that, in common with the rest of its class, its only use is to serve the purpose of the dead kites one used to see nailed to the doors of farmers' barns.

Thus much as regards M. Rubinstein and his doings, but we cannot dismiss the subject without a word the application of which is to M. Rubinstein's admirers. We ask in all seriousness, how is it that such an artist as this gentleman comes to be received over here with such *éclat*? It surely cannot be from a just appreciation of his merits. There are artists, English by birth or adoption, who may take precedence of him beyond the possibility of cavil. M. Rubinstein can neither write concertos like Jules Benedict, nor play them like Arabella Goddard, and we must look elsewhere, therefore, for any answer to our question. Where, matters little in presence of the fact that the highest honours society has to bestow are given to musicians not for musical worth alone, but also, it may be, because they come from a distant country, or have been preceded by an exaggerated reputation. The effect of such a state of things upon the true interests of the art cannot be otherwise than bad. There is a good deal that is objectionable in the condition of music among us we cannot well help, but we need not excite a false taste in those whose taste is unformed, and discourage the painstaking and meritorious artists of our own country, by going into ecstasies over foreigners who, whatever their renown, prove to be really of little worth.

## TEACHERS' CONCERTS.

This advertising age has reduced—or, rather, expanded—advertising into a system of such portentous dimensions, that there are not a few among us who look upon the whole thing as a downright nuisance calling loudly for abatement. These people say that their eyes are constantly offended by the gigantic posters and hideous pictures which cover every dead wall and hoarding; they declare they cannot take up a paper or magazine without finding half its pages filled with trade announcements; and they complain, moreover, that even the privacy of their homes is invaded by circulars flung down areas or slipped into letter-boxes. But, after all that can be said against it, an honest, straightforward advertisement is a good thing. Provided it come to us in a candid fashion, avoiding any pretensions to be what it is not, we must respect it as a useful, if sometimes troublesome, outgrowth of modern civilization. Unfortunately all advertisements are not honest and straightforward; there are some that sneak into notice under false pretences. Such are those deceptive paragraphs which appear with a sensation heading having reference to the topic of the day, and end with an allusion to the virtues of Somebody's pills; and such are the important-looking missives which come heralded by a postman's knock, and endorsed "From the Commissioners of Inland Revenue," but prove to be only the puffs of a cheap draper. Upon all these sensible people look with suspicion, instinctively voting Somebody to be a quack of quacks, and passing by on the other side when they see the cheap draper's establishment in their path.

But advertisements in disguise are by no means confined to the region of trade. The professional man and the artist sometimes stoop to employ them, along with the clothier and the tea-merchant; and this is why an abundant crop is springing up just now in the form of teachers' concerts. It must be observed, however, that a teacher's concert is not necessarily the objectionable thing of which we speak. We can imagine its being given under conditions which make it, if not valuable, at least legitimate. "Professors" must live, like other people; and if they choose to extend their connection by giving public entertainments, they have a right to do so, provided no attempt be made to invest such entertainments with a fictitious importance. Whether success would follow honesty in this matter is, at best, a doubtful point. Seeing how rarely the proverbial "best policy" is tried, we may assume the general impression among those most concerned that it would not. This consciousness of weakness is by no means inexplicable, because the average teacher's concert is among the dreariest things under the sun. The circumstances under which it is given make it so of necessity. It is bound to be "scamped" in the getting up. First of all, the concert-giver can hardly afford to be outshone in his own department—hence his department is very often poorly represented; and next, those to whom he applies for professional assistance must be left to exercise their own discretion as to what they shall contribute. It follows that the programme is an *omnium gatherum* of "royalty" songs, pianoforte show pieces, and hacknied operatic airs, the very sight of which must be repellant to good taste. For artistic purposes such an entertainment is of course utterly worthless, as much so as are the pictorial advertisements which cover the hoardings in our streets. On its own merits, therefore, the teacher's concert would have small chance out of the teacher's own immediate circle. As an advertisement pure and simple it would fail, because wanting in the *sine qua non* of a successful advertisement—a public.

It must be said, to the credit of the discernment of music teachers in general, that they have very little faith in their own entertainments. The legitimate effect of this should be the cessation of such entertainments altogether. Necessity, however, whether real or fancied, cares nothing for logical conclusions; and hence the falling back upon the adventitious aids to success which make teachers' concerts the shams they are. Some of the aids in question it will be worth while to look at. But before doing so, it is necessary to state that the aim in every case is to invest a real business advertisement with a fictitious artistic value. Just as we have seen the quack doctor resorting to paragraphs of startling interest, and the cheap draper relying upon official envelopes, so now we find professorial concert-givers using every means to make people believe that their concerts are really of

public importance. In each case, we have no doubt, the result is a success, which, if not equally great, is equally undeserved.

In view of his annual display, the professor of music is most anxious about the press. Whatever may be said in depreciation of modern criticism, there can be no doubt that it has immense weight with the great majority of readers, who, knowing little or nothing of the persons and things criticised, are content to accept a printed opinion as their own. The concert-giver is naturally desirous of securing the aid of so potent an ally, and sets about doing it with characteristic shrewdness. He pretty well knows the journals upon which an advertisement acts as an indirect bribe, and turns his knowledge to account. In the case of others, he uses other means; perhaps sending, with the admission orders, a private appeal to editorial justice; referring to past achievements on the one side, and past neglect on the other. In many instances—perhaps the majority—success attends his efforts, and he enjoys the gratification and profit of seeing himself and his doings the subject of an entire article. But how much is the public the better for this? Look for a moment at the thing thus elevated to the level of a Crystal Palace Saturday concert—so far, at least, as the newspapers are concerned. Here is a man who, it may be, spends the greater part of every year at Brighton or some such place of fashionable resort. In the height of the season he follows his *clientèle* to town, announces a "benefit," puts forward a long array of names in connection with one still longer of more or less hacknied pieces, and secures a room full of friends, or feminine idlers of curious disposition. We ask, in all seriousness, why this sequence of events, which is of no importance to anybody or anything save the concert-giver himself, should be made a topic of discussion in the public journals? That it is so made, and to a large extent tolerated when made, is one of those inexplicable things which can only be referred to some occult power belonging to extravagant assumption.

But the givers of benefit concerts do not rest content with securing for their entertainments a fictitious value through the medium of the press. They are firm believers in the efficacy of fancy prices. No doubt the belief does credit to their worldly wisdom; because very many people prefer selectness to any other quality in the audience of which they form part, and are willing to pay for it. Others again value what they buy according to the price put upon it by the seller, and esteem that cheap at a guinea which they would think dear at half-a-crown. So the teacher's concert is removed altogether from the ordinary market, and being adapted to these weaknesses commands a price utterly ridiculous when looked at in relation to its real worth. We confess ourselves bound to admire the coolness which asks, for the privilege of attending a musical "annual," ten times the price of admission to a Monday Popular Concert, or one half the subscription to a stall at the Crystal Palace "Saturdays." Were we sure that anybody ever gave that sum solely on account of the music he expected to have in return, it is possible admiration would be supplanted by a less pleasant if a warmer feeling.

Treated by the press as artistically valuable, and rejoicing in the golden halo of fancy prices, the teacher's concert only wants the prestige of fashion to have its original base metal plated all over. There are more ways than one of securing this ultimate object of desire. A nobleman has a picture gallery, and with it a kindly nature which prompts him to lend it; or a titled lady is willing to throw open her reception rooms for musical purposes. To obtain one or other of these is a great point, but if it be not practicable the next best thing will hardly fail. Patrons and patronesses with high sounding names can be had for the asking, since the gift costs nothing, and so the thing comes forth with a recommendation which it is scarcely possible for a large class of aspiring people to resist.

Yet with all these adjuncts the teacher's concert remains essentially a business advertisement, the real worth of which depends upon the personal merit of the advertiser. It may be of importance to art, but only so far as he himself is important; the adventitious circumstances in attendance serving no other purpose than to give it a sham value which really imposes upon very few of those who seem to be deceived. We have spoken out plainly upon this matter because it would be better for music, and, in the end, for its professors, if the thing complained of gave place to an honest system. Let teachers advertise themselves by all means,



if they like by giving monthly instead of annual concerts, but let them, at the same time, quietly accept for their displays whatever position may be really deserved. Far better in every sense would it be to do this, than to make themselves ridiculous by thrusting their doings before the public after a fashion which would induce an unsophisticated looker-on to believe that the musical firmament contained nothing but stars of the first magnitude.

THADDEUS EGG.

[Mr. Egg will do well to consider the line of Perseus:—

"Palma negata macrum, donata reducit opimur."

(It makes them fat and lean, as frost doth conies). Mr. Egg may, however, consult Mr Charles Lyon, and (on conditions) make his peace with the teachers.—A. S. S.]

### THE HALL-BY-THE-SEA, MARGATE.

(From our special Correspondent.)

Margate, like lamb and green peas, is now in season. The lodging-houses are nearly as full as an alderman after a dinner at the Mansion House; hundreds of bathers disport themselves every morning in the waves, and likewise, according to sex, in bathing gowns or trousers (the latter by order of his Worship the Mayor); the German band, in very new and spruce uniforms, play on the Fort and the Marine Terrace, by turn, in the forenoon, and on the pier in the evening; the children, as of yore, continue to erect sand edifices, like railway shareholders' hopes, to be mercilessly swept away almost as soon as raised; eggs with good sized chickens within are unblushingly sold as new laid to unsuspecting visitors; and nondescript vehicles, wavering between *chairs-a-lances* and Pickford's vans, as though their proprietors had not decided which to make them, and so has compromised the matter by giving them a flavour of both these classes of conveyances, still are drawn up on the pier, and still entrap the tourist, who, believing the asseveration of the drivers that they are "going to start for Ramsgate d'reckly, sir," finds that, though waiting in them a good hour may afford a glorious opportunity for inhaling the somewhat offensive odour wafted from the harbour, it is rather trying to his patience. I knew a man who underwent this ordeal. But he was not as resigned as many others to it. He used bad language to the driver,—who retorted in expressions of a similar character—and very narrowly escaped a black eye, coming fortunately off with one that, thanks to the judicious and prompt application of raw beefsteak, was only blue. In the words of La Fontaine, he

"Jura, mais un peu tard,  
Qu'on ne l'y prendrait plus."

The weather is beautiful, and the breeze delicious. There is only one drawback to my happiness. I allude to the Nigger singers, that black scum, which, it would seem, by some inscrutable law of Nature ("kind" Nature, she is sometimes sarcastically designated), must inevitably rise to the service of seaside existence. They might, perhaps, be skimmed off, if it were not, strange to say, for the spoons, I mean the human spoons, who encourage them and give them money. Can anything be more annoying than, as you are quietly reading your Shelley or Tennyson, to be bothered by the strains of "Hunky Dorum," and be expected to pay for the infliction? These Niggers persist, too, in calling one "Captain." Now this, in my case, is particularly insulting. Supposing I were in the military line, they might at least give me the title of "Colonel," or "Lieutenant-General," for my personal appearance demands it. I regret to say that His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, does not look older than I do, and he is a Field-Marshal.

After the wonderfully invigorating sea-air, the great attraction at Margate is undoubtedly the Hall-by-the-Sea, erected by Messrs. Spiers and Pond. This is just what was wanted, and the wonder is that no one ever started such a place of rational amusement before. There is a friend of mine down here, a profound classical scholar, who has a pet theory that Horace used to frequent Margate. He reasons thus: Horace evidently knew a great deal about England, or Britain, for he is continually referring to it. For instance, in the 21st ode of Book I, he pleasantly remarks of Apollo:

"Hic bellum lacrymosum, hic miseram famem,  
Pestemque à populo, et principe Cesare, in  
Persas, atque Britannos,  
Vestrâ motus ager prece."

Again, addressing Fortune, he bursts out with:

"Serves iturum Cæsarem in ultimos  
Urbis Britannos."

And in Vol. 5, Book III, he alludes to us as:

"Adjectis Britannis Imperio."

That Horace himself visited England (according to my friend, mind) is proved beyond a doubt by the line:

"VISAM Britannos hospitibus feros,"

unless, indeed, the great master of lyrical poetry was guilty of an untruth, a contingency not to be entertained for a moment. The expression "hospitibus feros," moreover, my friend maintains, was intended for the Margate lodging-house keepers, then as now particularly "fierce, savage, or exacting" towards their lodgers. This last circumstance, I must say, is a remarkable coincidence. One great objection to my friend's theory is that Margate did not, probably, exist, in the time of Horace, but my friend says this is a trifle compared with the objections successfully combated by profound commentators on classical authors. Not being a scholar myself, I have nothing further to add.

Having thus established—to his own satisfaction—that Horace came to England and to Margate, my friend goes on to say that, even in the poet's life-time the necessity of such an establishment, as that now opened by Messrs. Spiers and Pond was acutely felt. He bases his assertion on the lines

"Tutus caret invidiâ  
Sobrius Aulâ,"

which he renders: "the sober visitor (and no other is admitted to the Hall)," certainly (*tutus*, taken adverbially: "safely, surely, certainly") wants a Hall (by the Sea), (an establishment), to be envied (by other watering places).

I confess that this theory has a great deal for, and a great deal against it, and am therefore inclined to think my friend is right. However, as I said before, I am no scholar myself, and will leave the point to be decided by those who are competent to decide it.

But, whether Horace did or did not experience the want of such an establishment, there are two facts certain: 1. The Hall-by-the-Sea exists at present, and 2, it is a great success. So it deserves to be, if good management, and excellent entertainment have any claim to the appreciation of the public. Unless I am mistaken, the building was ably described by your clever correspondent on the occasion of its opening last year. My capabilities of description (limited, with no power to add to their number) are, consequently, spared a rather difficult task. I may, however, remark that the Hall has been redecorated during the winter by Mr. Bacon and Signor Brogiotti, who have done their work with excellent taste. It looks as fresh and tempting as a cucumber just cut. The walls are adorned with medallions of the great composers: Bach, Handel, Gluck, Mendelssohn, etc. Around the room are, also, statues more or less mythological. Among them is one of Ceres, typical, I suppose, of the "Series" of Spiers and Pond's concerts, inasmuch as it is a very agreeable Ceres. A large acoustic shell has been erected over the orchestra, and may be pronounced a good specimen of *sound* judgment on the part of the proprietors, as it answers its purpose admirably.

The vocal artists engaged comprise Mdle. Liebhart, Miss Julia Derby, Messrs. George Perren, and Edward Murray. Mdle. Liebhart has become an especial favourite here. Her appearance in the orchestra is invariably the signal for a perfect storm of applause. She has delighted her audiences by singing airs, ballads, scenas, and so forth, in all sorts of languages. Her rendering of various English ballads, especially, has quite won all hearts, and her pronunciation of English is surprisingly good. Her success has been very great, but it is attended with its disadvantages, for, as she is regularly encoined in all she sings, it entails upon her a double amount of hard work. On Monday last she sang for the first time a new ballad, "The Merry Maid," composed expressly for her by Signor Guglielmo—a dashing, brilliant production which pleased exceedingly, and which she rendered in a manner that must have perfectly delighted the heart of the composer, who, I hear, was present. I shall be surprised if "The Merry Maid" is not soon found on the pianos of most of the fair amateur vocalists of England. —Miss Julia Derby, a contralto, and pupil of Mr. F. Kingsbury, has no reason to complain of the reception awarded her. As yet the bashfulness natural to a *débutante* prevents her doing full justice to

herself. Her singing would gain greatly were she to infuse into it more animation.—Mr. George Perren is exceedingly popular, and has gained golden opinions for his rendering of "My pretty Jane," "The Death of Nelson," "All is lost now," "Come into the garden, Maud," and a host of similar pieces, more or less excellent. If applause and encores may be taken as a criterion, then is Mr. Perren decidedly A 1 in the estimation of the visitors.—Mr. Edward Murray, the well-known and highly esteemed acting manager under the management of Miss Louisa Pyne, and Mr. W. Harrison, as well as under that of poor Alfred Mellon, at Covent Garden, is likewise hugely liked. Among the pieces he has sung has been Handel's "Ruddier than the Cherry." When I say that he gave this difficult composition in perfect time and tune, I am saying that Mr. Edward Murray achieved no mean feat. His execution of the florid passages was most artistic. Among the other pieces selected by him have been "The Village Blacksmith," and a ballad—one of the last ever composed by Alfred Mellon—"Take, oh! take those lips away," his execution of which elicited loud applause.

The band, under the direction of Mr. Charles Hall, of the Princess's Theatre, is highly effective, and plays the various overtures entrusted to it with spirit and precision. A word of praise is due to Mr. King Hall, for his pianoforte solos, and to Mr. Butler for his solos on the flute.

After the concert, there is a ball, which, for the propriety and decorum characterizing it, might be given in Buckingham Palace itself. Everything is exactly what it ought to be, and no lady, however fastidious, need hesitate about taking part in a quadrille, a waltz or a galop. The refreshment department, also, is just what it should be, and the attendance on the part of the numerous waiters quite as satisfactory as—that on the part of the public. In fact the Hall-by-the-Sea is a decided success, a goodly part of which, with all due respect to the energetic *entrepreneurs*, and the talented artists, is due to the clever management of Mr. E. P. Hingston, the indefatigable representative of Messrs Spiers and Pond. This gentleman's tact and experience—gained in every quarter of the globe—have been of immense use to the undertaking. To sum up: the Hall by the-Sea is the best thing of the kind in England, and, if anyone should now repeat the parrot-cry: "They do these things better in France," my answer is, "Pooh! Pooh! they don't!" So

If the "blues" should e'er make you their target,  
Shake them off, by just going to Margate,  
For jolly you'll be,  
In the Hall by the Sea,  
That's now in full swing, down at Margate.

These are nonsensical verses, if you like, but there is truth in them, for all that.

P. S.—I must not close this notice without stating that, in Mr. Gardner, Messrs. Spiers and Pond possess one of the most efficient, gentlemanly and inobtrusive Masters of the Ceremonies I have ever come across.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—One of those charming musical *réunions*, for which the Crystal Palace is so celebrated, took place on Saturday last, the talented company of Her Majesty's Theatre being the exponents of the selection of music so judiciously chosen by Mr. Mann. There was made to please every body—German for the learned, French for the gay, Italian for the sentimental, and English for John Bull. Never was the glorious voice of Mdle. Tietjens heard to greater advantage than in the superb air of "Lurlei" by Mendelssohn, accompanied by the chorus of the Crystal Palace, and sung by them with great precision and effect. This was a treat which will long be remembered by those who heard it; also the beautiful cavatina from *I Puritani*, sung by the same *prima donna* with the most exquisite expression. We were enchanted with Mdle. Silvio, who took the soprano in the trio from *I Lombardi*, and sang most sweetly "Charlie is my darling." We are glad to perceive that this most deserving and talented artist is to appear as Zerlina in *Don Giovanni* at Her Majesty's this week. Signor Mongini was in excellent voice, and sang a very pretty cavatina by Beignani with his accustomed taste, *verve*, and expression. Mr. Santly added much to the success of the concert, and received a hearty encore when he gave "Hearts of Oak" with all that fervour and force for which he is so celebrated. Madame Demerit Lablache was most successful in her chaste rendering of Fides's air from *Le Prophète*. The concert was crowded, and each piece in the programme was most deservedly applauded by the audience.

IL FANATICO PER LA MUSICA.

#### CRYSTAL PALACE—(Communicated).

The next few days are likely to be among the busiest and most varied ever experienced at the Crystal Palace. The Dramatic College Fêtes and Fancy Fair, presided over by the ladies of the dramatic profession—for which most extensive preparations have this year been made, and which embrace the assistance of nearly the whole of the theatrical world—will be held on Saturday and Monday. The programme is a curiosity as regards the varied amusements and attractions provided for these popular revels. All the old favourites, with many new ones, have volunteered their services. The fêtes last from twelve till dusk.

On Tuesday the Palace will remain closed until two o'clock, to prepare a combined *fête* by Royal command, in honour of His Imperial Majesty the Sultan, who, with the Prince of Wales, and other members of the Imperial and Royal families, will be present. There will be a grand concert by the artists of Her Majesty's Theatre, which will be closed for that evening. The first part will consist of an operatic selection; the second will comprise a Turkish hymn complimentary to the Sultan, set to music by Signor Arditi, the National Anthem, and other selections by an orchestra of nearly three thousand performers. Besides the artists of Her Majesty's Theatre, members of various choral societies, the band of the Company and military bands will help to swell the numbers. A special display of the great fountains will take place at half-past six, after which the Sultan and other Royal and distinguished visitors will promenade through the building and Fine Art Courts, and dine in one of the corridors of the Palace. The second part of the concert will take place soon after half-past eight, the orchestra being lighted up for the occasion. A magnificent display of fireworks and illumination of fountains will take place about half-past nine o'clock. Full particulars of this great combined *fête* are announced. Season ticket holders will be admitted on payment of half a crown, the prices of admission to the Palace to non-season ticket holders and to reserved seats being five shillings. On the day of the *fête*, the price of admission will be doubled.

On Wednesday the fountains will be illuminated for the Belgians, who have accepted an invitation to be present. This *fête* will be available to all, at the usual rate of admission, one shilling. Special and appropriate illuminations will be displayed on this occasion.

On Thursday and Friday the archery *fêtes*, on a more extensive scale than usual, will take place; and on Saturday, the last of the series of opera concerts will be given.

THE NEW STANDARD THEATRE.—The ceremony of laying the foundation stone of a new theatre upon the site of the Standard Theatre, burnt on the 28th of October, 1866, took place on Wednesday week. Mr. John Douglass has since then purchased the freeholds of some adjoining property, and thus obtains room enough to build a theatre larger than any one in London, excepting Her Majesty's. The main building is 149 feet long and 90 wide. The extreme height of the auditorium part is 84 feet, and that of the stage 94 feet, to give room for drawing up the scenery, which will not any of it be used from the sides. The stage from the footlights to the back is 61 feet, and the widest part of the horseshoe is 56 feet. The lower part of the house will be the usual pit and stalls, but the other part of the house will differ from any theatre yet seen in London. It will have three tiers of boxes in the form of balconies supported upon iron brackets bolted into iron pillars, not seen from the front of the house. These run up to the gallery at the back of the boxes, and so support it. Each tier of the boxes will be fitted with cushioned chairs. There will be 92 private boxes. All the passages and staircases are of stone, with iron rails. The outlets are numerous, and the auditorium is lighted by five sun burners above a ground-glass ceiling painted in oil. Mr. Douglass opens the theatre in November.

Miss KATE GORDON gave a *soirée* at her residence, 82, St. George's Road, Warwick Square, on Friday, the 28th of June. She played one of Beethoven's *sonatas*, Ascher's "L'Amour de Passé," the same composer's arrangement of "Alice, where art thou?" and accompanied Mr. Alfred Hemming in Beethoven's "Adelaide," besides other pieces, in all of which she was liberally applauded. Miss Jenny Pratt, a young and talented vocalist, sang an *aria* of Rossini's with taste and judgment. Mdle. Ida Gillies sang, with Mr. A. Hemming, a duet from *Linda*, and Mr. Langton Williams' song, "The fairies' good night," which seemed to please greatly. Mdle. Gillies also gave a song by Mr. J. P. Knight, accompanied on the harp by Herr Oberthür. Mr. W. Harrison sang with his usual vigour a song of Balfe's, in which he was loudly encored, when he gave his well known "Muleter Song," by the same composer. Herr Stepan gave Schumann's song, "Ich grölle nicht;" Mr. Alfred Hemming, "Alice, where art thou?" (encored); and Mr. L. Walker, "Largo al factotum," also encored. Herr Oberthür played one of his popular harp solos with striking effect. M. Emile Berger and Mr. S. A. Pearce presided at the pianoforte. BASHI BAZOOK.



## MR. CHARLES HALLÉ'S RECITALS.

Mr. Hallé has just brought to a conclusion, with well-merited success, his seventh series of "Pianoforte Recitals" in St. James's Hall. In 1861 and 1862, and again more recently in 1866, these Recitals were devoted to the sonatas of Beethoven. The original notion of giving in uninterrupted succession the marvellous series of works dedicated by Beethoven exclusively to the instrument upon which, until the malady of deafness overtook him, he himself so greatly excelled, was a good one. Nevertheless it was felt, and naturally enough, by a musical eclectic like Mr. Hallé, that there were other composers who, though none of them could be compared with Beethoven in genius, had contributed very materially to the advancement of the pianoforte as an instrument of executive display, and enriched the stores of art by compositions too sterling to be altogether neglected. This induced a modification of his scheme which led to the introduction of works by Bach, Scarlatti, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Dussek, Clementi, Weber, Schubert, Mendelssohn, &c. (Woelfl, Hummel, Moscheles, Steibelt, among foreigners, Pinto and Bennett, among Englishmen, being ignored); and, as a set-off, or perhaps rather as a sop for "the fashion," John Field, Chopin, and Stephen Heller—the first and best of the three coming in for the minimum share. At the same time it was still deemed expedient in the new order of things that Beethoven, as the greatest composer for the pianoforte, should be represented at each Recital by at least one sonata. The modified arrangement answered well enough; although it must be owned that the works of Clementi and Dussek were but imperfectly explored, many of their finest compositions being overlooked, and some of their weakest occasionally obtaining the preference. From Handel's harpsichord solo pieces there is little to choose, while those of Bach present inexhaustible treasures; but in neither instance can Mr. Hallé be said to have exhibited in a more than ordinary degree the spirit of inquiry. The too frequent appearance in his programmes of some of Bach's least elaborate compositions, in a mutilated form, as, for example, selected movements from the "Suites Françaises" and "Partitas," lent anything rather than a "classical" air to the Recitals. Nor was this atoned for by repeated courses of sentimental trifling in the shape of "Nocturnes" and "Valses" by Chopin, "Promenades d'un Solitaire" by Stephen Heller, "Kinderscenen" by Schumann, and other such bagatelles, which are no more "classical" than the fantasia of Thalberg, and rarely as ingenious. On the whole, indeed, away from Beethoven, whose sonatas have been three times given in an uninterrupted series, Mr. Hallé cannot be unreservedly complimented on having vindicated through the instrumentality of unquestioned masterpieces the claims to consideration of the most eminent composers for the pianoforte; and this is the more to be regretted inasmuch as, while to play the music of Chopin as it should be played is not in his nature, he possesses most of the qualifications indispensable to the proper execution of what is more solid and intrinsically superior. Few besides the author himself and his wonderful pupil, Charles Filtzsch, now upwards of twenty years dead, have been able to give Chopin's compositions with the delicacy, grace, and abandon required; and among those few Mr. Hallé may not in strict justice be ranked. He plays Chopin as he plays Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte*, with evident labour, or, to employ a familiar French idiom, *à rebrousse poil*. With him it is against the grain; and it is therefore surprising that he should seem to affect Chopin's music so greatly. On the other hand the specimens Mr. Hallé is in the habit of bringing forward of his contemporary, M. Stephen Heller, show that laborious and not very versatile composer in the dimmest possible light. There is nothing very ingenious or otherwise remarkable in the works of M. Heller; and yet his small pieces, bearing the romantic titles of "Dans les Bois," "Promenades d'un Solitaire," &c., by no means fairly represent him, any more than do his several "Tarantellas," which bear so strong a family resemblance one to another that it is hard sometimes to distinguish which is which.

Such protesting criticism apart, however, the seventh series of Mr. Hallé's Recitals has exhibited a really independent spirit. Perhaps no pianoforte music that well deserves to be known is less generally known than that of the acknowledged great song composer, Franz Schubert. It is only, indeed, of recent years that this wonderful genius has been recognized under any other

aspect than that of a composer of "Lieder" for the voice. Robert Schumann, who wrote a vast quantity of eloquent phrases about Schubert (happily not critical, for Schumann's nature was essentially non-critical), was the first to discover the seventh orchestral symphony, and the first to applaud the instrumental compositions of Schubert as, years after Schubert's death, they came out, one by one, with commendable German slowness, from the press. Schumann, however, was the direct means of the seventh symphony being performed, under Mendelssohn's direction, at the concerts in the Leipzig Gewandhaus. And in his *Gesammelte Schriften*, collected from periodical writings at the time, we are made aware how anxious he was that the world should become fully acquainted with the share he had in the matter. Schumann's extraordinary enthusiasm for Schubert is easily understood. "A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind," Schubert was an imperfect musician. So was Schumann. But Schubert was a genius; and Schumann was not. The manifestations of Schubert's genius, then, in defiance of his imperfect musicianship, fascinated Schumann to an extraordinary degree; and he tried to follow in the same path, but did not find the same bright flowers on the way. Whatever Schubert wrote was interesting. He could not help being interesting. He would always put on paper with ingenuous confidence the first idea that presented itself; but that first idea rarely failed to be melodious, and, though he seldom rounded it off like his great and exacting contemporary Beethoven, who jealously kept his own genius in check, it was still sure to be charming. The fragrance of pure melody was always there, and the comparative absence of artistic form could not succeed in killing it. As in his songs, so it was in his other works, and in none more remarkably than in his solo sonatas for the pianoforte. What has chiefly distinguished Mr. Hallé's series of Recitals just now terminated is the fact that out of the eleven published sonatas of Schubert for pianoforte alone it has included no less than nine—three in A minor, one in D major, two in A major, one in C minor, one in G major (the "Fantaisie Sonate"—unaccountably so called), and one in B flat major (the last of all). Two others—in E flat and B major—might have completed the catalogue; and we really do not understand why they should not have been comprised, more particularly inasmuch as they are among the most genuine and beautiful of the set. These nine sonatas, carefully, conscientiously, and admirably played, have given peculiar interest to the Recitals this year, and raised a curiosity about Schubert's pianoforte works which may lead to the publication of an edition of them in England. If such be the case, so much the better for art. In wealth of idea the pianoforte sonatas of Schubert—*longo intervallo*, if we will—yield only to the sonatas of Beethoven; and as examples of what the most gifted song composer of any time could accomplish in quite a different branch of his art they bear a special interest. Dr. Heinrich Kreissle von Helborn, Schubert's laborious biographer (1865), tells us so little about the sonatas that it is a boon to be able to hear and judge of them accordingly. Mr. Hallé has afforded us this opportunity, and has thus fairly earned the gratitude of musical amateurs. Perhaps the sonatas which pleased the most were the magnificent one in A minor (the published No. 1), which ten years ago was played by Madame Arabella Goddard at a *matinée* in Willis's Rooms, and the "Fantaisie Sonate" in G, Op. 78, but recently introduced by the same lady at the Monday Popular Concerts. To connoisseurs, however, the sonatas in D, A, and (above all) C minor, with the *finale alla tarantella*—the first movement of which last, although he would never have left it as it stands, might have been conceived by Beethoven—were just as welcome.

Not less interesting have been the other features of Mr. Hallé's Recitals, which, besides some of the solo sonatas of Beethoven, selections from Bach, Mozart, &c., included the five sonatas by Beethoven and the two by Mendelssohn, for pianoforte and violoncello, in the performance of which Mr. Hallé enjoyed the invaluable co-operation of that first of living violoncellists, Signor Piatti. With such attractions the want of vocal music was hardly felt to be a disadvantage.

[Mr. P. M. G. is so jaunty and self-assured that he might belong to the unnumbered staff of the *Pl. M. G.*—A. S. S.]

MANHEIM.—Der *Rose Pilgerfahrt*, by Schumann, and *Mirjams Siegesgesang*, by Schubert, were given at the last concert of the Musikverein.

**Histoire de Palmerin d'Olive filz du Roy FLORENDO de MACEDONE et de LA BELLE GRIANE, fille de Remiclus, Empereur de Constantinople, by Jean Maguin, dit le Petit Angevin.** A perfect copy of this extremely rare Romance to be sold for TWENTY-NINE GUINEAS.

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## The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1867.

### THE FORTY-FOURTH MUSICAL FESTIVAL OF THE LOWER RHINE AT AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.\*

(Continued from page 447.)

THE first day brought with it a magnificent performance of Handel's *Judas Maccabæus*, and, as a kind of prelude, the Orchester-Suite in D major, by J. S. Bach. Of the five movements of which the latter is composed, the second, called an Air, produced, probably, the most pleasing impression. It consists of a broad, gentle strain, which was assigned by the composer to a solo violin. The great Bach, who, when he did not play his music himself, was, in all likelihood, but very seldom favourably impressed by the mode in which it was executed, would have been not a little surprised, had he heard this solo performed by a whole host of fiddlers together, as was the case here. In the other movements, also, the stringed quartet came out in all its fulness and strength, and the trumpets, which have a great part to sustain, carried it through with as much brilliancy as neatness. But it cannot be denied that the public were not particularly moved by the work, and it was impossible to be angry with them for it. When, now-a-days, an orchestra, and more especially, a Musical Festival orchestra, begins to move, people expect something else than what a Gavotte, a Bourrée, and a Gigue, even in their greatest excellence, can contain, and ought to contain—and the comprehension of the marvellous polyphony to be found in almost the smallest composition of Bach, is naturally not given to everyone. We musicians were greatly delighted, but we formed only an inconsiderable minority. It was a very different thing with *Judas Maccabæus*, one of the freshest and most popular works of Handel. *Judas Maccabæus* was written in a few weeks during the summer of 1746, for Handel flung all his greatest oratorios upon paper in a fearfully short time. It was produced for the first time on the 1st April, 1747, in Covent Garden Theatre, London. Dr. Thomas Morell, a clergyman, was the author of the words. There is a tradition that Frederick, Prince of Wales, the father of George III. suggested the subject, to celebrate the victory of his brother, the Duke of Cumberland, over the unfortunate Charles Edward, whose army was annihilated at the battle of Culloden (2nd April, 1746). But it is scarcely possible to see any points of resemblance, when the subject is, in the one case, the last combined effort of the poor, small Jewish nation, and, in the other, the final overthrow of her enemy by haughty England. Be that, however, as it may, of all Handel's oratorios, *Judas Maccabæus* is that one which enjoyed the greatest success during the composer's life, and was most frequently performed. English writers attribute a portion of this success to the great partiality shown for the work by the Israelites, who, "zealous admirers of music generally, took a more especial interest in a work that sang in such a manner the heroic courage

of their forefathers." The book of *Maccabæus* is nothing more nor less than—what such books usually are. Anything approaching even a material conception of the grandiose pitch of enthusiasm to which the Maccabees had managed to work up their people is altogether out of the question. Songs devoted in turn to lamentation, hope, martial courage, and the intoxication of victory, with a continual reference to the power of Jehovah, follow one another in due order, and the whole range of emotions from despair to the highest pitch of gladness is presented to us twice in succession. Did we not find in the recitatives certain names, such as Antiochus, Gorgias, Lysias, and Nicanor, together with the historically-characteristic mention of a prominent elephant, the oratorio might apply quite as well to any warlike enterprise of the Jews as to those undertaken by the Maccabees. But no; at the end there comes Capolemus, the Jewish ambassador at Rome, and offers on the part of the Senate friendship and protection (what was afterwards called a *Rheinbund*), and these suspicious assurances would cast a shadow upon all the joy of victory, supposing we could think of anything in the world but Handel's magnificent music. In this, more than in any other of his oratorios, the choruses outshine the vocal solos. The deep earnestness of lament, the heroic energy of martial ardour, and the elevating feeling of triumph, has Handel glorified in eternal melodies, and it by no means requires a musical education, as it is termed, but simply an open ear and heart, to be carried away by their magnificence. Prominent among the vocal pieces are the duets, which introduce several of the finest choruses. None of the airs stand on an equal elevation with them. Still Mdme. Harriers-Wippen and Mdle. Bettelheim obtained thunders of applause for their masterly rendering of them, as well as of the duets. Hill proved himself to be the same as ever, and when Niemann burst forth with the words "Blast die Trompete, erhebt das Feldgeschrei," we could almost fancy that the roll of music in his hand had changed to a sword. The chorus, by the "schrecklich süßen Schall geweckt," sang in a style full of martial courage, "Wir folgen dir zum Siege," while the trumpets joined in with their blare, as though they would have blown down the walls of Jericho. But the greatest enthusiasm was that evoked by the celebrated choral song, "Sehet, er kommt mit Preis gekrönt" (which is to be found, also, in *Joshua*)—it had to be repeated.

It is well known that none of Handel's oratorios can be produced without omitting some things and supplying others, however strongly we may stand up for historical truth. Even the great composer himself arranged his works differently for the different performances of them, according to the quality and number of the vocalists at his disposal, and employed the organ and the cymbals, though the parts for those instruments are sometimes not found at all, and sometimes are merely suggested, in the scores. There exists great diversity of opinion as to how Handel's oratorios ought to be arranged now-a-days. That certain only of the solo pieces should be selected is a point on which all impartial and competent judges are unanimous, and the blind admirers of Handel will only be injuring their idol and his works, whenever they succeed in producing one of the latter without any curtailment. Leaving out of consideration the fact that very many of the airs are really insignificant, the singers of the present day are placed in a strange position with regard to them, a position in no way to be explained by stating it to be that of the theatrical as opposed to the oratorio style. The relation of the singers to the music is not the original one—for Handel's operatic airs and oratorio-airs are written in precisely the same style. But a very large number of Handel's solo songs are *bravura* pieces, and virtuosity, together with whatever is connected with it, constitutes, speaking strictly, the element of fashion in music. Now, since, at the present day (we may regret the fact, but so it is), we have mostly singers who are

\* "Musical Letters" by Ferdinand Hiller.

unable to master, far less to lend animation and expression to, these long-winded passages, we should compromise them and the performances generally, were we to compel them to sing the passages in question, unless, which is seldom the case, the airs are most closely connected with the pieces near them or with the whole action of the oratorio. In the last case, moreover, if necessary, a simplification or curtailment will always be preferable to the laboured execution of what, to achieve its due effect, should appear spontaneously produced. We are compelled to cut out a great deal in the tragedies of Shakspeare and of Schiller, in order to fit them for theatrical representation, and the inward mental connection in one of Handel's oratorios is very far from being such as exists in those works.

At the performance, this year, at Aix-la-Chapelle, great reserve was manifested both as regards the omission of any of the airs, and the addition of certain wind instruments for the choruses. The recitatives were all accompanied on the piano (a pianino), with which, according to the historical tradition, the violoncello and the double-bass should properly have been united. But these instruments render the performance of the work more difficult than it otherwise would be, and, when thus combined with the piano, have always something perverse about them, and it was well done to set to work less historically. To most of the choruses and solo pieces, if not all, the organ was added—amid the sea of sound created by the large numbers comprised in the chorus and orchestra, it was not particularly prominent in the choruses, though it frequently contributed unnoticed to the beauty of the general effect. With regard to its employment in the airs and duets, there are one or two points to be remarked, and these are of a contrary purport. In this instance a great deal is to be said against its too frequent introduction. Above all else, there is the monotony of its sound, which becomes doubly objectionable when contrasted with the exceedingly delicate effects of light and shade required in vocal solos. Then on the present occasion there was also the great distance at which the organist was placed. This made a perfectly exact accompaniment extremely difficult—I should have said impossible, had not Breunung rendered it possible. But we ought not to feel the difficulty of anything when its perfection is to be sought in the most pliant submission. The soft registers employed by Breunung seemed to come from some higher regions, which they, in fact, did—but there was still something abrupt about them. The greatest difficulty was in adapting the organ accompaniments to the quicker *tempi*—while, from their nature, they were most appropriate and characteristic in calmly devout pieces. Taken all in all, there was, in the opinion of everyone among us, too much of a good thing.

But what course ought to be pursued with Handel's instrumentation, which is so sparse and stands so much in need of something additional? Ought we, as the historic party maintain, to add the piano alone to the airs and the organ only to the choruses? or ought the latter, if only sparingly, to be employed in the vocal solos also? Or are we at liberty to write supplementary parts for the wind instruments, and now and then introduce a few brass strains into the orchestra, when everything in the original score points to strength and power? I think that in every instance we ought to select what is adapted to the work, the separate pieces, and the particular circumstances under which the performance takes place, and, while doing so, to endeavour to avoid the additions of wanton arrogance as much as the pedantic humility of paltry non-interference. The presumptuous levity displayed at an epoch not very remote in getting up the performances of musical masterpieces (not those of Handel alone) may probably be regarded as vanquished—but let us not fall into the opposite extreme and make the spirit give way to the letter. Fortunately, however, Handel

stands firm in unshakable strength, despite all the various experiments that have been tried on him, from those at Sydenham to those at the smallest German towns—the fact is: nothing can kill him.

(To be continued.)

Mlle. LIEBHART has been most successful in her new song, "The Merry Maid," composed expressly for her by Sig. Guglielmo. The song having been clamorously encoored every night at the Hall-by-the-Sea, Margate, Mlle. Liebhart will sing it in London for the first time at the Belgian *Fête*, Agricultural Hall, on Friday next.

MISS ROSE HERSEE is specially engaged for the grand concert of the Orphéonistes at Boulogne-sur-Mer on Monday next.

MADAME BERGER-LASCELLES and Mr. FRANCESCO BERGER gave their annual concert on Friday, June 14th, at the Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover Square. The opening piece was Mendelssohn's Grand Trio in D, played by Messrs. F. Berger, L. Ries, and Lidel. Mr. Berger gave two pianoforte solos of his own composition, "Consolation" and "Salvator," for the first time; his fantasia, "Old England," and, with Signor Giulio Regondi, Benedict and De Bariot's duo from *Norma*, for concertina and pianoforte—all of which were received with great favour. Madame Berger-Lascelles sang Cherubini's "O Salutaris," accompanied by stringed instruments, and created a most favourable impression. She also gave a new ballad by her husband, "Cleansing fires;" by desire, his song, "It seems so long ago;" and a new song, "Call me pet names," by Arnold de Foo. In the aria from *Semiramide*, "Ah quel giorno," Madame Berger-Lascelles was even more effective. Miss Louisa Pyne sang Signor Schira's *reverie*, "Sognai," and, with Madame Berger-Lascelles, Donizetti's popular duet, "Ah figlie incante," both voices blending together with admirable effect. Mr. J. G. Patey sang Wagner's "O star of eve," from *Tannhäuser*; and Mr. Charles Stanton, Felicien David's romance, "O ma maitresse." Mr. Henry Hersee's adaptation of the septuor from *Tannhäuser* was given by Messrs. Winn, Cobham, Carter, Stanton, Patey, Wilkinson, and Welch. Messrs. Lidel and Regondi played an arrangement for violoncello and concertina on Polish airs by Bohrer, which was much relished by the audience. Messrs. Walter Bache and Hargitt were the accompanists.—B. B.

Mrs. JOHN HOLMAN ANDREWS' *soirée musicale d'invitation* took place on Tuesday, the 2nd inst., at her residence 51, Bedford Square, when the pupils of her vocal classes gave a performance of sacred music in the first part, and several popular glees, choruses, &c. in the second. In Haydn's Mass in C and Mendelssohn's "Hear my prayer," the *solis* parts were sung by Misses Webb, Arabella Smythe and H. Edith Andrews (a young daughter of Mrs. Andrews who promises well). Signor Ciabatta also lent his valuable aid, and Mr. Smart's "Lord setteth fast the mountains," was capably sung by the ladies alone. In the secular part we would especially mention the duet, "Au clair de la lune" (Miss Webb and Signor Ciabatta), and "Sull' aria," as charmingly given as could be desired, by Mrs. Holman Andrews and Miss A. Smythe. A very pretty arrangement of "The Mermaid's song," from *Oberon* (solo by Miss Dossie Andrews), with chorus for ladies' voices, arranged by Mrs. Andrews, was one of the features of the performance. In addition there was a very promising pianist in the person of Mr. James Wehli (his first appearance in England, whose playing created a *furor*), and several capital part-songs. "Una voce" was admirably sung by Miss A. Smythe, and the trio, "Le Spanoli," by three of Mrs. Andrews' pupils. Altogether the fashionable and crowded audience must have enjoyed the musical treat their hostsess, well known as a highly accomplished teacher, gave them.

ROCHESTER.—The Lyceum Theatre re-opened on Thursday evening, June 27th, under the management of Miss Louisa Laidlaw, formerly a leading member of Mrs. Swanborough's *corps dramatique*. The present company consists of the following performers:—Miss Marie Rhodes, Miss Eva Stella, Mlle. Heloise Duval, Miss F. Melville, Mlle. Rosalie Duval, and Miss Louise Laidlaw, Mr. Harry Crouch, Mr. H. Andrews, Mr. T. A. Palmer, Mr. Woodville, Mr. W. Herbert, and Mr. Charles Seymour. On Monday Mr. Burnand's *burlesque*, *Ixion*, was produced with a completeness of detail highly creditable to the taste and liberality of the managerial department. Miss Louise Laidlaw made a superb Juno, and Mr. Charles Seymour an excellent Minerva, while Miss Marie Rhodes (as Ixion) sang the parodies in an admirable manner, and acted and danced with a spirit and abandon that rendered the impersonation highly attractive. The sisters Rosalie and Heloise Duval, who represent the Terpsichorean element, are nightly received with loud applause. The remainder of the cast includes the names of Miss Eva Stella, Miss F. Melville, Mr. H. Andrews, Mr. Woodville, Mr. W. Herbert and Mr. T. A. Palmer. Such pieces as *The Harvest Home*, *The Porter's Knot*, &c., have successfully supplemented the burlesque.—R. S. G.



## PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

The fifty-seventh season of these classical entertainments was brought to a close by a concert, rich in variety of attraction. It began with a highly effective performance of Beethoven's C minor symphony, in the execution of which great work the Philharmonic orchestra has invariably distinguished itself, but never distinguished itself more honourably than on the present occasion. The other symphony was that in G minor by Professor Sterndale Bennett, the late conductor—with a fourth movement now added in order to make the work complete. The new movement in D major is entitled *Romanza per le viole*—from which it will be understood that the violas, "altos," or "tenors," as they are variously denominated, have a more than ordinarily important part to play. To them, in short, are assigned the leading themes of the *romanza*, and to the other instruments of the orchestra the task of accompanying. The new movement is graceful, melodious, and full of delicate touches; but it is not equal to any of its companions; nor, we think, is it sufficiently important as to plan for the place it occupies. It is, moreover, in the same measure as the minuet that precedes it, and thus, in spite of the difference of key, fails to produce the desired contrast. The minuet itself sounded as fresh and charming as before; and the first and last movements, both masterly, pleased as much as ever. The performance, under Mr. W. G. Cousins, was admirable throughout; and so well satisfied were the audience with the whole symphony that they unanimously asked for a repetition of the minuet, applauded each movement with great enthusiasm, and, at the end, called loudly for the composer, who made his appearance and bowed.

The concerto was Herr Anton Rubinstein's No. 4, for pianoforte, a work belonging to a school for which we cannot possibly, under any circumstances, entertain the slightest predilection. We scarcely remember an instance where such a *maximum* of showy pretence was accompanied by such a *minimum* of actual performance. The last movement is an avalanche of octaves and passages without sense or order; nor were we particularly struck by one real musical thought in either of its precursors. The concerto abounds in extraordinary difficulties—difficulties which it may be doubted if any pianist, excepting Herr Rubinstein, would devote the necessary labour to vanquish. And even Herr Rubinstein, prodigious executant as he unquestionably is, was frequently at fault. Though we have rarely listened to a more vigorous and dashing we have as rarely listened to a more provokingly unsatisfactory performance. Why a composer should waste his industry and tax his powers of ingenuity in the production of a piece which he would probably never succeed in playing altogether correctly himself, and which no other than himself would lose the requisite time in practising, it is not easy to explain. Judged from a strictly musical point of view, and apart from all considerations of what is styled "effect," the fourth concerto of Herr Rubinstein is absolutely worthless. We are sorry to welcome this extraordinary performer, after nine years' absence, in words so little encouraging; but, if Herr Rubinstein were twice the player he is, that would not entitle him to the privilege of turning a beautiful art into ridicule. And, as from such a point of view exclusively can we regard the last movement and a good part of the rest of his fourth concerto, we feel compelled, in the interests of art, to state our impressions with unhesitating candour. Herr Rubinstein was called back and applauded at the termination of his performance; but that did not cause the judicious to grieve a bit the less. There was another curiosity at this concert, in Herr Richard Wagner's overture to *Tannhäuser*, about which piece of obstreperous rhodomontade we have spoken more than once. It has seldom been played with more uniform spirit and precision; but all to little purpose. Those who attend the Philharmonic Concerts go to hear music; and the overture to *Tannhäuser* is not music.

The singers were Mdle. Nilsson, Mdle. Tietjens, and Mr. Hohler. The great sensation of the evening was created by the first named, in the second air of the Queen of Night, from *Die Zauberflöte*. Since Mdle. Anna Zerr used (in 1850) to astonish the audiences at Covent Garden by her marvellous execution of "Gli angui d'inferno," which Mozart wrote for the exceptionally endowed Madame Lange, as he did one of the women's parts in *Die Entführung dem Serail* and one of the airs

interpolated in Anfossi's *Curioso indiscreto*, we have not heard this wonderful air sung in such perfection as by Mdle. Nilsson. True she did not, as Mdle. Zerr was wont to do, give it in the original key. She transposed it a tone lower, and we cannot think otherwise than wisely. Sure of her voice with this transposition, she gave it full liberty, and accomplished every passage with brilliant success. Objection might legitimately be taken to her holding back in one or two passages, for the questionable sake of "effect;" but this was atoned for by her strict adherence to the notes, Mdle. Nilsson never once being tempted, as in the case of the majority of the very few singers who have been able to execute this air, to substitute the upper octave for the note itself, but to the very end allowing Mozart to speak for himself. This made a genuine sensation and evoked an encore from the entire audience (the most crowded of the season) which there was no resisting. Mdle. Tietjens was warmly applauded for her perfect delivery of "Deh vieni" from *Figaro*, and, with Mdle. Nilsson, obtained another encore in the melodious duet, "Sull' aria," from the same opera, in which the Countess dictates the letter to Susanna. This duet has rarely been sung more admirably. To Mr. Hohler was allotted "Fra poco" (*Lucia*), which he gave in his most careful manner.

According to custom the last concert ended with the *Jubilee* overture of Weber. The *Jubilee* itself ends with the air of our National Anthem, which, happening to be the same as that of the Prussian National Anthem, may account for the position it occupies in Weber's festal overture. One word for Mr. W. G. Cousins. He has fairly won his spurs. The Philharmonic Society has found a new conductor, and a good one.

## MR. HALLÉ'S RECITALS.

At the eighth and last Recital Mr. Hallé played two more sonatas of Schubert—the one in A minor, published as "No. 7," and the one in B flat major, which, notwithstanding the doubts of Schumann, was unquestionably the last. Thus, in the course of the series of eight Recitals the accomplished German pianist, one of the most steadily shining musical lights of our time, has given nine out of the eleven published sonatas by this most extraordinary man; and the only pity is that the sonatas in E flat and B major—two of the finest and loveliest of them all, should perforce have been left out. Mr. Hallé also played the famous Waldstein sonata of Beethoven—how, we need not say; besides a selection from J. S. Bach's *Partita* in B minor (why not the whole?), and, with Signor Piatti, the variations in D of Mendelssohn for pianoforte and violoncello. The audience were delighted from first to last. This series of Recitals has, we understand, been more successful than any of its predecessors; and, doubtless, the modification in the charges of admission to certain parts of the hall, which now brings the performances of Mr. Hallé in still closer relationship with those of the Monday Popular Concerts, which they immediately follow, has had a most beneficial effect. On the other hand, eight more interesting programmes have rarely, if ever, been offered to the lovers of what is really good music.

MR. FREDERICK CHATTERTON'S HARP RECITAL took place at St. George's Hall on Saturday, 3rd ult., before a large assemblage of the popular harpist's friends and pupils. Mr. Chatterton performed his "Recollection of the Bards of Erin," his well-known rhapsody, "The Nymphs' Revel" (encored), a new romance composed by himself, "The Rataplan March," by Donizetti, and his own "Carnavaldi Venezia," all being received with loud applause. A pupil of the concert-giver, Miss Fanny Haldane, sang the "Willow Song," from *Otello* with harp *obbligato*, and a new Welch song by Mr. F. Chatterton, "The Minstrel Swain," which she gave with so much feeling as to gain a loud and unanimous encore. Miss Augusta Thompson sang "Cease your fanning," and a new song by Dr. Selle, with violin *obbligato* by Mr. H. Holmes. Messrs. Gustave Garcia and Wilford Morgan also contributed some vocal pieces, and Mr. G. B. Allen presided at the pianoforte.—BASHI BAZOOK.

ATLEY HOUSE.—The Duke of Wellington gave his annual banquet to the Victoria Rifle Volunteers on the 3rd inst. In the course of the evening a performance of glees and madrigals took place in the Waterloo Gallery, under the superintendence of Mr. Land, director of the London Glee and Madrigal Union.

## ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The opera on Saturday night was *Fra Diavolo*. Among the audience was his Highness the Viceroy of Egypt, whose box during the evening seemed to attract as much attention as even the performance on the stage.

The *Nozze di Figaro* was played (for the last time) on Monday, and the *Favorita* on Thursday.

Beyond a mere statement of the fact that *Romeo e Giulietta*, an Italian adaptation of M. Gounod's most recent, and, in the opinion of very many, his best opera, was produced on Thursday night with the greatest splendour and completeness, in presence of an audience that crowded the theatre to the roof, we are compelled to reserve remarks. An exception may be made, however, in favour of Mdle. Adelina Patti, whose Giulietta is altogether one of the most remarkable performances for many years witnessed on the Italian lyric stage. The opera was not over till more than half an hour past midnight—a proof that though some judicious curtailments have been made by Mr. Costa, still more will be advisable. The second performance is announced for to-night.

Last night *Fra Diavolo* was given (in place of *Don Carlos*—originally advertised). The second performance of *Romeo e Giulietta* takes place this evening.

## FINETTE.

A joy on the wing,  
A rainbow of song,  
Is Finette in her swing  
Singing all the day long  
Heaven's music at sight.

No wind flower sway'd  
From sunshine to shade  
Ere so daintily play'd  
Bo-peep with the light.

Now with laughter a-gleam,  
Now with shadows at bay,  
Like the dawn of a dream  
Ere night melts to day  
In the light of the soul.  
As the lightning's freak  
Are the flashes that shade  
On her sun-dappled cheek.  
As the thunder's blithe roll

On the delicate air  
Is the terrible sound  
Of her long laughing hair,  
Mystic deluge unbound  
From the windows of love.  
While wave follows wave  
All wicked things rave,  
And the sun to his cave  
Like a hawk-stricken dove

Sinks dreaming of death,  
And the wan evening star  
Bates her quivering breath  
To list from afar  
At the ebb and the flow  
Of that spring of delight  
That wells onward till night,  
Weaving shadows with light,  
Weaving rapture with woe.

To her sisters she calls  
And the host come as one  
But where their light falls  
The day dream is done.  
Yet deep in my heart  
Hides Finette in her swing,  
There to swing and to sing  
And her radiance fling  
Till its pulses depart.

C. L. K.

## HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

The vogue of the new singer, Mdle. Christine Nilsson, seems to increase with each successive representation. The house on Saturday night, when *La Traviata* was played, was the most crowded of the season.

The operas this week have been *Martha* (Monday), the *Huquenots* (Tuesday), and *Don Giovanni* (Thursday). In *Don Giovanni* Mdles. Nilsson and Tietjens sang for the first time in the same opera, Mdle. Nilsson having accepted the part of Donna Elvira. For this occasion Mr. Telbin had painted entirely new scenery. If any opera merited such an attention, *Don Giovanni*, considering the money it has drawn years out of number to the treasury, is certainly that opera. On the other hand, we were unable to comprehend a paragraph in the advertisement, relating to "the grand finale, 'La Libertà,'" in which all the principal artists of the theatre, without reckoning those actually included in the "cast," have consented to join. There is really no such thing in *Don Giovanni*. If the short response to Don Giovanni's proffered hospitality in the ball scene be intended, the words are—

"Viva l'libertà."

In 1848, at the time of political disturbances, "La libertà," at Berlin and elsewhere, was substituted by the singers for "L'libertà;" but this ought by no means to be adopted as a precedent, more especially as Mozart did not set the words to chorus at all.

*Don Giovanni*, about which we shall speak in detail next week, is to be repeated this evening.

MUSIC AT OXFORD.—On Wednesday fortnight an exercise for the degree of Bachelor in Music was performed in Queen's College Hall. The cantata, entitled *Praise*, was the composition of Mr. Hamilton J. Clarke, organist of the college, and was fairly rendered by members of the college choir, with a small body of instrumentalists, mostly members of the University, and at its conclusion was warmly applauded. Dr. Corle officiated for the Professor of Music. On the same day an exercise for the degree of Bachelor in Music, composed by Mr. E. W. Hamilton, of Christ Church, was performed in the Sheldonian Theatre. It is a sacred cantata, the words taken from the 146th Psalm, consisting of an overture, fugued chorus, quintet, solo for tenor, and concluding chorus. Succeeding was another exercise for a similar degree, written by Mr. G. A. B. Beecroft, of the same society, words selected from the Psalm, "Dominus regit me." This cantata, divided into eight parts, comprised an instrumental introduction, a chorus, bass solo, chorale, tenor recitative, and solo, and another chorus, and concluding with a fugue. There was a large attendance, the company including Dr. and Mrs. Liddell, the Archdeacon and Mrs. Clarke, and other members of the society. The vocal music was sustained by the members of the college choir and gentlemen amateurs, and the instrumental band was led by Mr. Reinagle. On Friday the public enjoyed the performance of two exercises for the degree of Doctor in Music, with a concert in the Sheldonian Theatre. The first exercise was that of Mr. H. Hiles, Mus. Bac., of Magdalen Hall, and Welchpool. This exercise, consisting of six movements, namely—Introduction; chorus, "O be joyful;" ottetto, "Be ye sure;" chorus, "O go your way into His gates;" ottetto, "For the Lord is gracious," and a concluding chorus, "O be joyful"—was remarkable for equal and flowing melody; the new manipulation of the 100th Psalm being particularly striking. At 11.30 a.m. the exercise composed by Mr. R. Sloman, Mus. Bac. of Christ Church, was performed. This commenced with a double chorus, "Let God arise," followed by a recitative and solo for soprano voice, "Like as the smoke vanisheth," and "But let the righteous," succeeded by chorus, "O sing unto God," and tenor solo, "He is a father to the fatherless." Then followed a hymn, "O Saviour, who at Nain's gate didst dry a widow's tears;" a recitative for contralto and chorus, "O God, when Thou wentest forth;" and another soprano solo, "Thou, O God, didst send a gracious rain." A tenor recitative, "The chariots of God," introduced another hymn, "See the Conqueror," a contralto solo following, "He is the God of our salvation," and concluding with a double chorus and fugue, "O sing unto God." This exercise offered great contrast to the preceding; there was a massive style which only required a larger band and chorus to bring out effectively some striking passages. The soprano solos were sung by a young gentleman of one of the college choirs with much spirit, and Mr. Allman, of New College, gave the tenor solos. Dr. Sewell presided for the vice-chancellor, and the performances were heartily applauded.

Mr. BURNHAM WILLIAM HORNER has been appointed choirmaster and assistant organist of the Chapel Royal, Hampton Court Palace.

## HAYDN IN LONDON.\*

Herr C. Pohl, who has already earned the thanks of the musical world by the publication of his *Mozart in London*, now presents us with a second equally admirable contribution to musical history in the volume containing the account of Haydn's two visits to the English capital. Every page in the book bears proof of the most intense study, and of those genuinely artistic views which do not aim at showing off mere pedantic learning, but strive to depict life and the effect of art upon it. There is a vast amount of materials compressed into this one volume, and we see spread out before us a lively picture of those times—an interesting concert-history side by side with that portion of universal history, which relates of revolutions that shook both heaven and earth, of war, of the mighty upward flight of mankind, and of the petty, pitiful, and fruitless attempts to restrain the latter.

There is no doubt that, at the time described in Herr Pohl's book, musical matters in London occupied a high position, such as they have hardly attained since. There were certainly afterwards, and are still, many more concerts given than at the period in question, and the circle of those who love music may have been considerably extended—but the entire tendency then was, and in all respects, moreover, of a more highly artistic kind. The concerts offered no olla-podrida programmes—no virtuoso-fantasias, no Italian roulades and tinsel, such as now belong to the toilet of every well arranged concert, and which of late have threatened to penetrate gradually into the concerts of the Philharmonic and of the Musical Union whence they have hitherto been excluded. At the time Haydn went to London, the English nobility were the sincere and warm patrons of art, and art, too, in its noblest phase while now-a-days in "great houses" only the most celebrated and dearest Italian singers are, as it were, exhibited, and good music is not to be heard. Pohl tells us that, at that time, no less than six grand concerts were given every Sunday: the Subscription Concert of the Nobility, a concert at General Townshend's, at the Duchess of Gloucester's, at Lady Somer's, at Mrs. Sturt's, and, finally, a Musical Soirée at Mr. Hare's under the direction of Haydn (so, at least, we are informed by the *Morning Chronicle* in the "Mirror of Fashion" it published once a week). In London, now-a-days, not even the people may listen to any music on a Sunday.† At the end of the last century there existed no less than eleven musical associations, which got up concerts, partly for the general public, and partly for members and invited guests; then there were oratorios by Handel, as well as sometimes by English composers, besides innumerable professional concerts, concerts in the public gardens, at Court (we shall return to these by-and-bye), etc. At this period opera did not, as a matter of course, stand on the same level as instrumental music; on the one hand, the public had lost the taste for the flourishes of *castrati*, while the few operas by Paisiello and Sacchini were no set off against the grand Oratorios of Handel and the Symphonies of Haydn; on the other, the works of Gluck and Mozart were not yet known, though the former's *Orfeo* had been once given in a fragmentary form, but it did not please. Of Mozart there was hardly an air sung at rare intervals. English operas were generally a mixture of various ingredients, and even when a French or German opera was given in an English translation, it was so altered and mutilated as to resemble a farce rather than an opera.

If we now proceed to the principal object of the book, to the description of Haydn's experiences of London, we shall first have our attention arrested by the name of a man to whom alone England owes the fact of the old Master's visiting the banks of the Thames, and who rendered generally great services to the development of music; we refer to Salomon. Pohl quotes Rochlitz's words, which we, too, will give: "Of all merely executive con-

temporaries, no one worked, generally, with such a decided and beneficial result as Salomon." He was a German, born at Bonn, in 1745, and as early as 1758 a paid member of the band of the Electoral Court. In 1765, he undertook a professional tour to Frankfurt and Berlin; was appointed *Concertmeister* to Prince Heinrich (Brother of Frederick the Great); and went to Paris and afterwards to London, appearing simultaneously, in 1781, as a violin-virtuoso (with a Concerto of his own composition), as leader, and as violinist in quartets by the side of Cramer. The latter, father of J. B. Cramer the composer of the unrivalled "Études," was one of the best violinists of his time, and in that capacity, as likewise as director, was highly esteemed. The brilliant period of Salomon's career commenced about 1791, when he succeeded in securing the co-operation of Haydn as composer and director for his concerts. He died in 1816. He was followed by the respect of all honourable artists (Beethoven speaks in high terms of him), and of all who were intimately acquainted with him. In addition to this, he was, thanks to his varied acquisitions, more capable than his contemporaries of asserting the dignity and position of a musician in the fashionable world, as it is called.

With the words, as original as they were concise: "I am Salomon from London, and have come to fetch you," he entered the quiet, modest, abode of Papa Haydn. He had previously been corresponding with the composer for the purpose of securing his services. But, as Pohl observes, nothing was to be done by letters, because the old Master clung to his Prince Esterhazy, and would not leave him. Yet he was even then so highly esteemed in England that he drew more money and profit thence than from his place, and his other German connections. But the Prince was now dead (he was the first of the three Esterhazys to whom Haydn was *Kapellmeister*). Salomon took advantage of this new state of affairs, and what he could not succeed in effecting by letter, he achieved in person by his powers of persuasion. As Pohl informs us, Salomon cherished, also, the plan of attracting Mozart to London, but he produces no documents proving this with certainty, and merely remarks that the realization of the project was frustrated by the death of the divine Wolfgang.

Haydn reached London on the 31st December, 1790. His agreement with Salomon ensured him £900, an enormous sum for that period. He was received in the most friendly manner by the celebrated and highly esteemed Dr. Burney and by Gyrowetz, who, then, aged twenty-eight, was a popular composer in England (he died forgotten at Vienna in 1850, in his 87th year), and did all in his power to render his countryman's visit to the banks of the Thames both agreeable and profitable. Haydn was soon known and respected\* in all circles. He was invited everywhere, and so stunned by the noise of the great city that he yearned to be back again in Vienna. On the 21st of February, he attended a grand concert of "Ancient Music," at which the whole Court was present, and fifteen airs and choruses from oratorios by Handel, a violin concerto by Corelli, and an air by Jomelli were performed. The programme was thus constituted because the King preferred Handel's music to any other. When the monarch was still a boy, the mighty minstrel of *The Messiah* said one day to him: "I know you will protect my music when I am dead," and this legacy of the master was faithfully fulfilled by his royal pupil.

Even before Haydn commenced his active duties, properly so-called, as director of the Salomon Concerts, he had already achieved a great success by a composition which is now no longer known, a Cantata or Scena: *Ariadne at Naxos*. This was called the "musical desideratum," we are informed by the *Morning Chronicle*, the journal more especially considered the oracle of the fashionable world. All the papers were filled with descriptions of the work, which Haydn himself conducted at the piano, and which excited universal admiration among the audience.

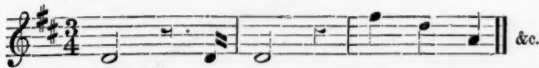
\* Second part of the work entitled: *Mozart und Haydn in London*, by C. F. Pohl.—From the *Neue Berliner-Musik-Zeitung*.

† Some years ago, Lord Palmerston, caused military bands to play in the Parks, so that the operatives, who pass the whole week in their workshops and dull fetid dwellings, might enjoy fresh air and soul-stirring music—but the higher clergy and their pious followers protested against this desecration of the Sabbath; the bands were not allowed to play any more, and the people were once more compelled to resort to the public houses, the only places of entertainment left open for them on a Sunday—many of these places for the sale of poison are leased, however, from the Church, as they are built upon ground forming part of the property of some diocese.

\* On the 18th of January, there was a State Ball at St. James's Palace to celebrate the King's birthday. Haydn was present, though we are not informed whether by special invitation, or because the *entrée* was granted to distinguished personages. One of the papers says: "Mr. Haydn, the celebrated composer, though not yet introduced at Court, received silent marks of attention from the whole of the Royal Family. Mr. Haydn entered the room accompanied by Mr. Willis, Sir John Gallini, and Salomon. The Prince of Wales was the first to notice him, and make him a bow; this caused the eyes of the whole assembly to be turned towards the composer, and everyone manifested his respect for him."



The first of the Salomon Concerts, for which Haydn had come to London, took place on the 11th March, 1791. Among the pieces performed was the Symphony



the second of those composed by Haydn expressly for Salomon; the Adagio had to be repeated, but the papers praised more particularly the first movement. The orchestra consisted of 40 performers, 12—16 violins, 4 viols, 3 violoncellos, 4 double-basses, &c. The concert was very numerous attended, though, on the same evening, the Oratorios usual during Lent began at two theatres: a proof what an abundance of musical resources, and what a partiality for the better kind of music then existed in London. The second concert took place on the 18th March with still more brilliant success. A Symphony by Mozart and a Bassoon Concerto were performed. Haydn attended the Handel Festival then held "by the command and under the patronage of their Majesties" in Westminster Abbey, and went to Oxford, where the dignity of a Doctor of Music was conferred on him. We append a description of the ceremony.

(To be continued)

#### A GERMAN PROFESSOR ON RICHARD WAGNER.\*

Professor Eckart, of Munich, has followed up a lecture he delivered on Börne and Heine by two more, one on Robert Schumann, and the other on Richard Wagner. With regard to that on Schumann, I must be satisfied with stating that Eckart drew an animated and attractive picture of this unhappy composer, a picture that appeared to have been inspired by the fantastic romanticism of T. A. Hoffmann. It would seem unjust were I to be silent on his last lecture as well, and, therefore, I will state a few of the instances in which I differ from his delusive and seductive paradoxes. By way of introduction, Eckart casts a glance upon Italian and French music, which, according to him, are in course of being ruined by Verdi and Berlioz, while Gounod has joined the ranks of the Germans.† This new preponderating influence achieved by German music,‡ has, according to Eckart, been won by the German Music of the Future, which owes its rise to no other than Beethoven. It was he who gave music an entirely new and fruitful purport, by expressing powerfully in musical shape the ideas of liberty and fate—the heights and depths of the human mind. Since then music no longer mirrors the affairs of the heart; its rhythm discloses generally the nature of the soul. Music has become a language of our ideas. This higher object explains also the necessity of the dissonance, the power of which for the purposes of characterization is just as indispensable as the dark background is to the painter for showing off his brilliant figures § One leading fact to be steadfastly kept in mind is that mental art is poetry; the more, therefore, music strives after idealization, the more must it approach poetry. The science of Æsthetics cannot, however, be made to agree with Wagner's assertion, that Beethoven is the greatest of all instrumentalists, and that after his Ninth Symphony no other is possible. Even Liszt combated this mistake of his friend, not, it is true, by the so-called Programme—music, of which, also, Beethoven must be considered the originator in his *Pastoral Symphony*, but by setting up as his programme works of poetry, already existing, whether of a dramatic, an epic,

or a lyrical description. The final impression of all art is musical in its nature.\*

The indescribable elevation of mood and feeling which is left in our breast by a poem or a work of art can receive really adequate expression from music alone. Even the Jupiter of Phidias can thus furnish a motive for a musician, and if Beethoven found in his *Eroica*, for instance, the model form of musical expression for an objectively historical subject, why should not music take for its theme the shape of a Columbus, of a Faust, nay, of a Schiller—why not that of an entire century, of an entire people, the essence of a definite historical epoch, such as that of the migration of a nation, or that of the French Revolution? It is in such tasks that its future lies! †

After a retrospective glance at the spirit of Oratorio, as well as at the efforts made in the domain of religious—but, be it well observed, not of church—music, in so far as Mendelssohn, Schumann, Liszt, and Richard Wagner (for instance, in his *Liebesmahl der Apostel*), as well as others, have produced admirable works of this description, Eckart proceeds to consider more minutely the nature of Opera, that hermaphrodite in which, according to the assertion of celebrated æstheticians, two equal powers, music and drama, are combined.

At the head of the drama stood France; at the head of opera, Italy, says Eckart. ‡ It was reserved for Germany to unite both. The efforts made for this purpose are not new, for they began a century ago. Were opera defined as a drama which succeeds in representing the rise and conflicts, as well as the elevation, of individual sentiment into the expression of large masses by means of tone on a verbal foundation, and a dramatic plot, contending parties might find in this explanation the means of coming to an understanding. The drama connected with opera has not remained the drama of spoken language. It has, as far as possible done away with motives, action, and characterization, to limit itself to sentiment; but the music, also, is no longer simply music; it has to raise itself from mere melody to characterization. How the two elements could become one, Gluck has shown in a very well known instance, namely: his *Alceste*. Eckart adduces utterances of his, such as: "When I am working at an opera, I have to begin by forgetting that I am a musician."§ Gluck himself met with a great deal of opposition. The aim he had in view was the reform of "the noblest of theatrical entertainments" (*Schauspiele*), "in which all the arts have an equal share." This enmity against what is new the lecturer further illustrated by Zelter's well known depreciatory opinion of Weber's *Freischütz*. Gluck, however, was all the more emphatically acknowledged not only by the people but also by the poets. Lessing, Klopstock, and Herder, looked upon him as the hero of modern times. Compared to him, Mozart was reactionary since he again made music the ruler, degraded poetry into a servant, and even permitted prose. But in musical characterization he surpasses Gluck and all who come after him.

\* But only for musically organized individuals, otherwise we should have to add: every final impression of an elevated nature must be musical, inasmuch as it awakens elevated sentiments. But what are we to do with such half-truths.

† Eckart has here, perhaps unconsciously, characterized very accurately the monstrosity and exaggeration of the new era. The arbitrariness of the proceeding consists in the fact that the proper title of a piece of music appears almost more important than the purport. A symphony might be composed with the title, "The Cathedral of Cologne." Why should it not be? Any one, however, hearing it, and not knowing the title, might refer it quite as well to any other elevated theme, such, for instance, as the "Moses" of Michael Angelo, Shakespeare, or the Alps. A title should prevent this, but then we should be partially depending upon the efforts of others, since the ideas created by another person's work are turned to his own advantage by the musician. In addition to this, it is taken for granted that in every case the hearer is conversant with the foreign non-musical motive. This, to put the matter mildly, is to graft art upon art, and the same weighty objections which were formerly raised against the so-called "Künstlerdrama," as a sickly abortion, may be repeated in the present instance.

‡ This sentence again sounds like a paradox. Where and when did France ever march at the head of the drama? The time of Racine, Corneille, and, later, Voltaire, appears to be brought in only for the sake of effect, since neither with the development of our drama nor of our opera has it the least in the world to do.

§ Gluck meant, probably, by this something analogous to the assertion of the poet who should say that he must forget all about lyrical poetry directly he writes a drama.

\* From the Berlin *Echo*. The notes are by the German writer.

† But only as far as the subject is concerned. That Gounod's music to *Faust* is German in its character is something we hear for the first time.

‡ Eckart means: which it has achieved abroad; but that Mozart and Weber, who, more than anyone else, paved the way in Paris for German music, did so because they belong to the Music of the Future is another novelty for us—at least it is a bold assertion.

§ Had Eckart said that the dissonance is a dialectic moment, he would be less liable to be misunderstood than when he declares it necessary for "characterization." Mozart, whom Eckart himself designates the Shakespeare of Tone, is, likewise in Eckart's own words, unrivalled in musical characterization, and yet he did not require the dissonance for this, at least not in the same sense and the same degree as the Musicians of the Future.

He is a Shakspeare of tone.\* The reaction against Gluck culminates in Rossini, but, on the other hand, though in different manners, Weber, Meyerbeer, Auber, Lortzing, Berlioz, Schumann, and Mendelssohn, all adopted a course calculated to restore music to the arms of poetry. *Tannhäuser* awoke in the Venusberg; German music turned from the domain of sensuality to prayer and penance—to poetry.†

Eckart now gives a sketch of R. Wagner's life—that is, of his musical life. We will here touch upon only a few separate points. It was Weber's *Freischütz* which made Wagner decide on devoting himself to music. It was the impression produced by Beethoven which excited him to write a pastoral, whereof the music and words sprang up simultaneously. The year 1830 with its storms passed by Wagner without affecting him. A sketch for *Kosziusko* was laid aside, and, instead of it, after *Gozzi*, he wrote *Die Feen*, an opera interesting from the fact that in it Wagner first glorifies the principal figure recurring in most of his works, namely that of the loving and self-sacrificing woman. This opera is also remarkable for being a fellow to his *Lohengrin*. In his next epoch, characterized by a deep study of Italian and French music, he felt induced to turn Shakspeare's *Measure for Measure* into an opera. This was followed, in the year 1838, by *Rienzi*, which betrayed the influence of Spontini. He had finished two acts of it in Riga, when he felt impelled to go to Paris. On his way, he was flung by a storm at sea on the coast of Norway—an incident which he turned to account in *Der fliegende Holländer*. In store for him at Paris were all kinds of disappointments, which, fortunately did not prevent him from completing *Rienzi*, as well as *Der fliegende Holländer*. In the last work the idea of which Eckart, in a rare fit of gushingness, ranks with the *Odyssey* and the *Ahasver*, Wagner for the first time left the ordinary libretto. During his stay in Paris, moreover, the folk's book of *Tannhäuser* fell into his hands, subsequently leading him to the study of our great old German epics, as well as into the legendary world of the North. At Dresden, whither he had been summoned as conductor in 1843, *Tannhäuser* sprang into life. "On the artistically elevated character of this creation," said Eckart, "Posterity will pronounce a milder judgment than that of the present day."

The impression produced by *Tannhäuser* throughout Germany was a very powerful one. People felt that a time would perhaps come when the drama, as in former days, would again form part of the service of religion‡. As a satirical production followed *Die Meistersänger von Nürnberg*. Specimens of this do not give a favourable idea of Wagner's comic talent. In *Lohengrin*, the idea of which Eckart ranks with the myths of Jupiter and Semele, of Eros and Psyche, Wagner strove to attain the highest pitch of dramatic lucidity; but he found neither the public nor the artists he required, and therefore—says Eckart—he joined the Revolution (?). How little of a politician Wagner was is proved by the fact that, at the very time all Europe was in a ferment, he came to a full consciousness of his artistic aims.§ He was nearly deciding for the spoken drama, that is, nearly deciding on himself becoming a dramatist. With regard to his next plans, he wavered between Siegfried and Barbarossa, but the mass of action in the latter historical subject overwhelmed him. He concluded from this that man alone should be the supreme hero of the

\* This sentence, if further carried out, would of necessity so shake all the deductions made by the Musicians of the Future that it would be impossible to consider them as anything more than merely preparatory and transitory, or, at the most, as the adequate musical expression of an incomplete epoch, struggling and struggling and fermenting everywhere.

† Although Eckart expressly denies any intention of speaking either for or against Wagner, we must designate the above comparison as something extremely hazardous, especially as it just reverses the truth as far as music is concerned. All persons agree that not only does Wagner's music not renounce a sensual character, but absolutely carries it to the very highest pitch. It would, therefore, be far more correct to say: Wagner, it is true delivered music from the Venusberg of Italy, but immediately conducted it to a new Venusberg of his own invention.

‡ That such a notion has been entertained after the Passion Plays of the Oberammergau is well known and intelligible, but the assertion of such a thing after *Tannhäuser* is an unparalleled specimen of Aesthetic Chauvinism!

§ It is thus we understand this sentence, though the next one indirectly asserts just the contrary. When "Europe was fermenting" Wagner also appears to have been going through a by no means clear process of fermentation himself.

true work of art, but that this was impossible under the pressure of historical accessory matter, and he, therefore, rejected drama, not for itself alone, but also theoretically and generally,\* returning to the *Nibelungen Saga*. Driven from Dresden, he fled to Switzerland, where he finished *Tristan und Isolde*. His return to Germany, and his last work, which, since Schnorr's death, lies, probably for ever, bound with crape, in Wagner's desk, are so nearly connected with the present that they do not fall within the sphere of discussion. In conclusion, Eckart recapitulates the leading features of Wagner's operas. The principal difference between Wagner and his predecessors and contemporaries consists in his selecting the Myth and the Saga as operatic subjects. It is his aim to employ music not as an artistic means but as a kind of nature, as if the heroes of this legendary world—supposing the period of the Myth ever really existed—would not have spoken but have sung.† The speaker tacks on to this the following reflections. Historical heroes could not be introduced singing, and made operatic heroes, because, transformed into beings of sentiment, they would lose in our eyes.‡ With regard to the qualities peculiar to Wagner's operas, Eckart concludes by mentioning the absence of melody, the heaping-up of instrumental effects, and the banishment, on principle, of all monologues, that is of all airs. It is, therefore, with perfect identity of opinion that we subscribe the conclusions at which Eckart arrives in his lecture—namely, that Wagner's successor (that is, the Wagner of the Future) will have to follow Mozart and once more restore melody as musical characteristic to all its rights; that opera and spoken drama must for ever remain separate; and that the dream of the "Work of Art of the Future" in which all the arts working together must sacrifice their own peculiar nature, will never be ought but an illusion.

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To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

Paris Exposition, Class 10, 11th July, 1867.

SIR,—As manager of the Music Court, I enclose you the subjoined, thinking you may deem it worth inserting in your publication, as it is creating some sensation here.—Your obedient servant,

A. LAVENDER.

A protest has just been entered against the award of a bronze medal for a harmonium exhibited by a Mr. Ramsden of Leeds in the English department of the Paris Exhibition, on the ground that Mr. Ramsden never applied for space, and had he done so he would have been excluded, it being well known his instruments are made in Paris, and therefore he would not have been entitled to exhibit in the British department. Moreover, the new invention applied to the harmonium exhibited is the invention of a Mr. Dawes. Therefore, as Mr. Ramsden is neither the inventor nor the manufacturer, and, moreover, had clearly no right to exhibit at all, it is expected there will be a searching inquiry as to how the harmonium obtained access to the Exhibition, it being at present a mystery, as it is very evident no space had been allotted to Mr. Ramsden by the Committee.

THALBERG.—According to the authority of *L'Art Musical*, this eminent pianist, who has been in Paris, left the French capital the other day for London.

THE ABBE LISZT was promoted to the grade of Commander of the Order of Saint Joseph on the occasion of the coronation of the King of Hungary, for which solemnity, it is well known, the celebrated pianist composed a Grand Mass.

HALL-BY-THE-SEA, MARGATE.—On Monday next, Mdlle. Liebhart will conclude her engagement here, and will be succeeded by Miss Rose Hersee. Mr. Renwick and Mr. Miranda are also engaged.

\* Eckart would have done better to omit this sentence, for it reminds us of the fable of the Fox and Grapes.

† Another delusive phrase. Would anyone assert that Homer wished to propagate the illusion that if the period of the Myth then really existed, his Gods and Heroes would actually have spoken in hexameters? This is either meant as a joke or is an exaggeration of what we usually understand in art.

‡ With this again it is impossible to agree. Why should we not represent historical heroes as beings of sentiment as well as anyone else? *Belshazzor* and Meyerbeer's *Prophecie* are proofs we may. The reason why, for instance, Gustavus Adolphus or Napoleon would be ridiculous as operatic heroes is that they are too near to us. Eckart himself says that we might take Mahomet, though not Luther, as the hero of an opera.

A **SPLENDID** silver mounted ivory baton was presented to the Philharmonic Society on Monday last by Sir Thomas Gladstone, Bart., as a slight recognition of the great gratification he has received for a number of years by attending their concerts. It was used for the first time the same evening by Mr. Cusins.

Mlle. DORIA, daughter of Mr. John Barnett, has appeared at the San Carlo, Naples, as Amina in *La Sonnambula*. Her success induced the management to keep the theatre open for six weeks, although Mlle. Doria was only engaged for twelve representations. Lucia is the next part announced to be sung by Mlle. Doria.

#### MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

F. PITMAN.—Watts' Psalms and Hymns, abridged for vocal use, and adapted to music (for four voices), by James Brabham; "The Choral Cyclopædia," a comprehensive collection of hymns and moral songs, with music (for four voices), by James Brabham.

BOSEY & Co.—"The Chimes of Westminster," by the Hon. Mrs. Frederick Yelverton.

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